JOHN BULL

Vol. XII. No. 308. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1912. ONE PENNY

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For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

MUSIC
WITH
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A New Weekly Feature in MRS. BULL.

SEE PAGE 545

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Usual Price.	£3	0 0

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FREE STREET, BRADFORD, YORKS.

(Note—Our Only

JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XII. No. 308. Week ending Saturday, April 27th, 1912. One Penny.

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MR. BOTTOMLEY

AT THE

QUEEN'S HALL,

LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.,

ON

SATURDAY, MAY 11th, at 8 p.m.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

OUR MEETING.

The demand for tickets is enormous. They are being sent out as quickly as possible; what a meeting it will be!

"PROVIDENCE."

We are second to none in grief at the ghastly *Titanic* disaster. But we do wish people would keep the name of Providence out of it. We prefer to regard it as a solemn reminder that all "science" and all the modern triumphs of "invention" are but a perilous gambling with the unknown forces and unrevealed mysteries of the universe. To attribute such a cruel calamity to the special interposition of a beneficent Providence is rank blasphemy. Just as it is a brutal insult to the silent dead to speak of the escape of the survivors as "Providential."

De Mortuis.

We were not among the most zealous of Mr. W. T. Stead's admirers, but we cannot refuse a tribute to his genius as a journalist and his courage as a man. In spite of an ill-balanced mind, the overweening self-confidence of a false prophet, and an insatiable desire to strangle the joys of other people, he had pluck of a high order; he never whined when called upon to pay the penalty of his actions, and he possessed many sturdy British qualities. Unlike nearly every vain person we ever heard of, he could always make himself interesting, even amusing in a subconscious way. No one took him very seriously, and we could afford to laugh at his vagaries. May he rest in peace on his last bed beneath the ocean.

THE "TITANIC" FUND.

We trust that proper steps will be taken to prevent over-lapping in the distribution of the various *Titanic* funds now being collected. *Do* let us learn *something* in the way of business from the disaster.

THE PRIVILEGE OF COUNSEL.

Our Bill to define and limit the privilege of advocates has been duly read a first time in the House of Commons, and has been warmly approved by numerous Members with whom we have spoken on the subject. We do not think there is any prospect in the present state of public business of proceeding further with the measure this Session, but it will serve as a timely warning to the profession. Meanwhile, letters are pouring in from every part of the country, thanking us for taking up the cudgels on behalf of bullied and brow-beaten witnesses and litigants.

LIBEL IN PLEADINGS.

We have duly obtained a First Reading of this Bill also. We propose to make a Plaintiff who pleads fraud, liable for damages for libel unless he either establishes his charges at the trial, or secures a Certificate of Indemnity from the Judge.

EAST NOTTINGHAM.

From a purely Party standpoint, we suppose the Tories may claim East Nottingham as a score. With a bad candidate (from an electioneering test), and with the withdrawal of a Member who held the seat by personal popularity, they have secured practically the same majority as before. On the other hand, the Liberals may say that if the Insurance Act is not winning votes, Home Rule is not losing them. Still, who cares a rap about Party now?

THE ESTIMATES COMMITTEE.

We are afraid this will not be of much use. But we will wait and see how it is constituted.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 542.*

Seddon.

If Seddon had not been hanged nobody committing murder under the existing law of capital punishment should ever be hanged. The law is not less barbarous than the crime by which it claims to be justified. In these days, however, if there is the slightest ground for advising the clemency of the Crown the convicted murderer is given the advantage of it, so that in practice hanging is a law not only not inexorable, but frequently evaded—which now distinguishes amid fine shades of doubt and degrees of murder. Of all murderers, the callous, calculating, money-grubbing poisoner is the least entitled to sue for mercy from earthly justice. Seddon deserved his doom.

Italian Aggression.

Most of us are by this time sick of the alleged war between Turkey and Italy. But we have received some interesting information from a friend who has just returned from the Mediterranean. It appears that the Italians are now realizing the hopelessness of their chances in Tripoli, where General Desert and Field-Marshal Disease occupy an impregnable position. So the Italians are resorting to craft, and sending out emissaries to all parts of the Turkish coasts, urging Arabs and Syrians and other discontented tribesmen to enlist against the Turks. They have not even hesitated to violate international law by intruding in our protectorates and trying to cozen British subjects. Their success, however, has not been encouraging. The natives hate Turkish oppression, but as soon as they discover that they are expected to fight brother Moslems on behalf of Christian "dogs," they very naturally back out.

Canada's Horn of Plenty.

British people who are about to allow themselves to be fooled into emigrating to Canada may be interested in the question asked by the Toronto *Globe:* "Can any community of 400,000 people, possessed of vast wealth, call itself civilised that permits men and women to die of starvation within its limits?" It asks because in one day's issue was reported three cases—one of an old man of 70, found dying of starvation in the room he occupied, his only food being a crust of bread; another asphyxiated because he was unable to obtain work; and a third, aged 66, dead in prison, where he had "been confined for a considerable time because he could no longer work." We make no comment. That of the *Globe* is sufficiently explicit. "The professional mendicant feeds fat," it says, "and the needy die like neglected dogs in their kennels." Who goes to Toronto?

German Code of Honour.

Because he had conscientious objections to fight a duel and therefore did not refer his quarrel with a fellow Army officer to a Court of Honour to decide whether a duel should be fought or not, but sued and recovered damages in a civil court instead, Dr. Sambeth, an officer of the Army Medical Corps, has been ordered by the Kaiser, "as an act of clemency," to resign from the Army. It seems a monstrous injustice on the part of his Imperial Majesty, especially in the light of the fact that duelling is prohibited by the German civil code. We know that Continental duelling is nothing more than a picturesque farce, as a rule, but, after all, there is always a chance that the wrong man may be hurt. We were once challenged to a duel ourselves in France, and given the choice of weapons. We said we would have a pistol, and suggested a sword for our opponent.

Another Warning from Canada.

Recently a lecturer—in the employ of the Canadian Government—made a raid on Croydon, and belauded the advantages of the Land of the Maple. Pamphlets were given out during his lecture (one stating a Toronto bricklayer's average earnings to be 47 cents an hour —22 dollars 56 cents a week), and the speaker also made remarks to that effect. Mr. S. Culver, however, of 40, Gowan Avenue, Todmorden, Toronto, Ontario, writing to Croydon, where he formerly lived, warns intending emigrants in these decisive words:—"Allow me to say the statement made known to the Croydon public regarding the money a bricklayer can make is a —— lie, and there is not one bricklayer out of a thousand that works the year round. The average wage of a bricklayer in Toronto does not exceed ten dollars a week. Owing to the severe climate and *want of materials* there have been thousands of people out of employment here the last few months, and the stoneyards and soup kitchens are in full swing in 'prosperous' Canada."

Coals! Coals!

The day before the record fall of 10s. a ton in coal prices, a paper published an interview with a prominent member of the trade, in which he is reported to have said that there was no prospect of any cheapening for at least six weeks, owing to the railway companies and large manufacturers taking the first of the new supplies, and that when the fall came it would be of "inconsiderable amount." This seems to have been a very cunning effort to screw a bit more out of the public at the last moment.

Coal and Coal Prices.

There is one lesson in practical domestic economics which the householder learned during the coal strike, and which, if he is wise, he will continue to learn—that of doing with as little as possible. Never mind these good gentlemen swearing by all their coal-bags that they have made nothing and are making nothing. There are some stories which are best told to the marines, this being one of them.

What a Sardine Isn't.

At last we know what a sardine isn't. It isn't a "Skipper." The delicate and humouristic question has taken a long time arguing-out at the Guildhall, though we ourselves settled it long ago, coming to the conclusion that most sardines are sprats but that sprats are not sardines. There have been occasions when, judging by the size, we would have taken odds as to sardines being whales. As it happens, "Skipper" sardines are neither sardines, sprats, nor whales, but "Norwegian bristlings," according to the decision, though the magistrate thinks the defendants called them sardines in innocency and good faith. It will be interesting to see what Messrs. Watson and Co. will call them now. For their new advertisements we recommend the phrase, "They look like sprats, taste like bristlings, and slide down your throat like sardines" —Mr. Astbury, K.C., being hereby assured that we have not been bribed to make this suggestion.

A Neu Speler.

In sending his interesting little monograph on John Bonar, "the patriotic parson of Queenborough," the Rev. J. Castle, M.A., the present vicar, says he hopes we may "think the little book worth noticing." We do. Also we think that the printed heading of his notepaper, "The Vicerage, Queenborough, Kent," is worth noticing, and wonder why the rev. gentleman has not thought it worth noticing himself. It is a proud beginning for the Neu Speling Soesiety.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 545.*

Lady Warwick's Company.

Lady Warwick keeps some queer company. At an inaugural meeting of the "British Socialist Party" the other night, her ladyship urged the return to Westminster of a definite Socialist Party, Mr. Tom Mann declared that we are "in for" the Revolution in a short time from now, and the curious Quelch asserted that if he thought by going out and placing a small parcel of picric acid at the corner of St. Stephen's Palace Socialists would achieve their aims a little quicker than otherwise, he would not talk about it—he would go and do it. Let us have no more foolery, therefore. Mr. Asquith should immediately resign in favour of Mann and Quelch—and hasten the Business Government.

The Children Act.

Somebody at Cambridge seems anxious to prove that the Children Act is the Fools Act, a local fishmonger, named Jenkins, being prosecuted for neglect likely to cause his children, aged 13 and 7, unnecessary suffering and injury to health. The defendant had been informed by the Medical Officer of Schools and the Medical Officer of Health that the two children suffered from enlarged tonsils, which they proposed to remove by a surgical operation. Jenkins declined to have the operation performed. This, and this alone, was the ground of the charge against him, the children being well cared for in every respect. Happily, the Recorder made short work of the case. In calling upon the parent to enter into recognizances to come up for judgment if called on, he said there were a great many people among his own class who would act as Jenkins had done. It would be a monstrous state of things, indeed, if everybody who refused to put his children under the surgeon's knife—say for appendicitis, real or alleged—were to be sent to prison.

Infamous Journalists.

We do not often sympathise with lynch law, but we think the Yankees might well utilise their favourite form of jurisprudence to deal with their lying reporters. These wretches have surpassed themselves by trading on the universal sorrow about the *Titanic*, and publishing minute details of her last moments, when they knew nothing and could know nothing. The most disgraceful example was that of an American contemporary, which sought cents by the false pretence that news had come from the *Bruce*. This was idiotic as well as fraudulent, for it was obvious that the *Bruce* would expose the dirty trick as soon as she touched land. It was like robbing a till, whose contents were sure to be counted at once. Another journalistic nuisance is provided by private Marconi installations. They confuse really important messages for the gratification of vulgar curiosity.

Avoid Argentina.

We have warned emigrants against Canada and Australia. Now we must add a note of discouragement about the Argentine. A correspondent sends us his experiences: "Myself and chums only signed agreements for service out here on being informed that all strikes were settled, but on landing found to our regret that we had been misled. Several of our young fellow-countrymen have landed only to find themselves face to face with starvation, having been boycotted by Spaniards. Fellows having taken up their positions on the railways have been glad to take refuge in trucks, food and lodging being refused them. In some parts of the country several young Englishmen have been molested and murdered." We still think that anyone who is likely to do well overseas can earn a good living at home. Besides, it is more patriotic to stick to the old country.

Stop Sacrilege!

We anticipate a serious massacre of Christians in Syria before long, for the natives have been exasperated by two recent events. The bombardment of Beyrouth by the Italians had a reverberating effect throughout Moslem Asia, but the Parker affair was even more serious, for it inflamed religious prejudices in the most violent way. It will be remembered that someone discovered a cryptogram (*a la* Shakespeare-Bacon) in the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel, giving full clues to the hiding-place of the Ark of the Covenant and other treasures of the old Jews. A syndicate was formed, including the sons of two earls, and £10,000 was subscribed. Then excavations began, and Ezekiel proved a true prophet in every detail. The Pool of Siloam was reached and the Temple of Omar was undermined. A few more days and the treasure would have been unearthed. But the representatives of the syndicate squabbled with some of their excavators over a question of petty cash, and the fat was in the fire. News immediately spread that the sacred places of Islam were being profaned. Bloodthirsty crowds assembled, and the excavators were fortunate in escaping with their lives. They do not, however, seem to have realised that Mohammedan sentiment has been profoundly stirred, and are preparing for a renewal of their enterprise. This must be stopped at once. The names of the excavators are well known. They have no more right to the Ark of the Covenant than a Syrian syndicate would have to come and prospect for the bones of our illustrious dead at Westminster.

Who Has Got It?

The London County Council invites applications for the coronership of the South-Western District, salary £1,150 per annum, and a little bird whispers to us that a certain gentleman has already got it.

The Brompton-Piccadilly Tube.

Passengers at some of the stations have to wait several minutes for the lift, with the result that on reaching the platform they find the train just leaving, and are consequently unable to board it. As the next train is invariably a non-stop one, the delay means a waste of close upon ten minutes. Could not some system be devised so that two lifts should be at work—one to meet each east-bound train, the other to meet the west-bound one?

The Heathen.

We have been much interested in reading an interview with Dr. Felix Oswald, the Probate Registrar of Nottingham, who has been spending his "leave" from professional duties in carrying out some research work on behalf of the British Museum authorities in British East Africa. He says:—"The natives of Kavirondo are prosperous, healthy, big, and muscular, living quiet lives as agriculturists and herdsmen. Neither men nor women wear any clothes, and they do not appear to have any religion, while their morals are excellent. In fact, it may be said that the people of Kavirondo have neither clothes, religion, nor immorality." Thus a Christian country is obliged to protect its citizens from immorality by Act of Parliament, while in a Pagan race immorality does not exist.

"A Corker."

It seems there are two kinds of corks used by wine bottlers in France, one cut from the cork trees of the Var, and the other gathered from dust-bins, etc., and known as "Rejuvenateds." The latter are sorted, and re-coloured, and so largely used that M. Coreil, member of Parliament for the Var district, is clamouring for legislation against the system.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 542.

Priest and Picture Show.

Father Benedict, the Roman Catholic priest of St. Gregory's, at Earlsfield, is still very much worried about our criticism of his recent ukase prohibiting his faithful flock from attending the local picture show during the week if it opened on Sunday. He is also angry because we characterised his recent letter to us as incoherent and inconsequent, and demands to know why, if this were so, it took us three weeks to think out an answer. As a matter of fact, it didn't take us three minutes. It is not possible for us to make all the priests and parsons famous at once; and Father Benedict, in common with many others, merely had to wait his turn. He now says: "A thing may be perfectly morally, spiritually, and mentally right, but it can easily be done at an unsuitable or unreasonable time." In the case in point, right is right on Mondays but wrong on Sundays. Oh, for these ecclesiastical opportunists!

The Tower of Waste.

Notwithstanding that the Local Government Board recently refused to sanction the building of an unnecessary tower surmounting the Art School, the Bournemouth Town Council decided to defy the Board and erect the tower, out of the rates, at a cost of £1,200. It is now reported that the actual cost will exceed £2,000. What do the ratepayers think of this Tower of Waste? And where does the authority of the Local Government Board come in if the Council are able to chuck away the money of the ratepayers, notwithstanding that its sanction has been refused? Obviously, it does not come in at all; and one of these days it is confidently expected that the Council will erect a monument to themselves, also out of the rates, in the Home for Incurables.

Sunderland's Parley-vooer.

Here is an advertisement from one of the Sunderland papers: "Au Bon Marche (French). This means at the good, cheap market . . . we furnish the home on easy terms. *Ice on parley Francis.*" This must be the golden text the ancient mariner perceived staring at him when he entered the village inn, and which the landlady told him meant "God Bless Our Happy Home." Parleying Francis is already one of the horrors of British civilisation, and now here is a Sunderland man making it more horrible by putting ice on it. It gives us the shivers.

Three Brutes and a Beast.

Arthur Burton, a Bridlington cab proprietor, Steven Bradley, a Sewerby coachman, and Thomas Gawthorpe, a Bridlington cab driver, are three callous brutes who have to thank their lucky stars that they found a merciful bench in the Driffield Petty Sessional magistrates. Not distinguishing in detail their individual shares in their shocking ill-treatment of a horse, they beat the animal on the head and body with a piece of iron "threequarters of an inch thick and fifteen inches long," with a hedge stake, and with a walking stick, while "the man on the box used the whip lash violently for about ten minutes." This sort of cruelty was more or less continuous, and blood flowed freely from the horse's body. Though the three brutes were liable to six months' imprisonment, and the maximum penalty is £25, the magistrates let them off for £3 each. They ought to have been sent to gaol for a month.

Our Meeting.

Will readers kindly note that applications for tickets should be addressed according to the directions on page 1, and not sent to us personally?

Chichester Magistrates.

Since our recent remarks on the vindictive attitude of the Chichester magistrates towards any poor beggar who is wicked enough to be in want of food, we are glad to note an improvement. A few mornings ago, Mr. G. F. Lees, J.P., discharged a tramp who, having carelessly begged a crust of bread at the house of P.C. Tuckey, of Nutbourne, was promptly run in by that guardian of the peace, for want of something better or kinder to do. "Mr. Lees said he did not like to send the man to prison," reports the faithful chronicler, "and discharged him with a warning and a little advice," which is as it should be.

Mr. Robinson, Junr.

Though the experiences of young Mr. E. A. Robinson, son of the late Peter Robinson, of Regent Street fame, have been rather fast and varied since he came into his patrimony of a quarter of a million or so, his last appearance in the Tower Bridge Police Court has all the appearance of an outrage. The charge against him was that of obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt, the magistrate's opinion of it being that "Robinson had been brought before him on a warrant obtained on evidence which was grossly misleading to the Court." Who was the solicitor, if any, concerned in tricking the Court? If anybody can obtain a warrant against anybody else merely by the process of swearing a false or grossly misleading information, who is safe? Has the Incorporated Law Society nothing to say?

Orlebar, J.P., of Sharnbrook.

Mr. R. Orlebar, chairman of magistrates at Sharnbrook, near Kettering, appears to have distinguished himself in a recent case in which a Rushden school teacher, named Carrington, was concerned. In brief, Carrington's offence was that of getting over a fence at Riseley, and, on sudden impulse, plucking a few willow twigs, the property of Lord St. John, wherewith to give an object lesson to his class in school. For this he was summoned to the court of the mighty Orlebar (with the Hon. H. B. O. St. John also on the bench). It goes without saying that the earth is the lord's and the twigs thereof, but why should Mr. Orlebar make an insulting sermon about it? Why this talk of "persons of the defendant's class" thinking they could trespass on anybody's property? Why talk about "the law of God and the law of England saying 'Thou shalt not steal'" and all the rest of it? What class is Mr. Orlebar's class? It is the class of magisterial snobs, without sense of weight or measure or proportion or perspective. Carrington evidently plucked those twigs as Mr. Orlebar might have plucked a leaf from another man's tree or an ear of corn from his golden fields, and to try and put upon him the stigma of a great sin in addition to fining him 13s. 6d. for damage estimated at sixpence, is an insult to a respectable man.

Scott on Party.

The principal cause which rendered Scotland stationary in its advance towards improvement was the malevolent influence of political party. The party in favour failed not, as is always the case, to represent those who were excluded from it as the most dangerous enemies of the King on the throne, and the constitution by which he reigned; and those who were branded as Jacobites were confirmed in their opinions, by finding themselves shut out from all prospect of countenance and official employment.—"Tales of a Grandfather," Vol. 2.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 545.*

THE GRATITUDE OF GOTT.

Our denunciation of "The Parson's Doom" has aroused the gratitude of its publisher, one Gott, of Bradford. "Dear Old Friend," says he, "many thanks for your two references to 'The Parson's Doom.' It has created a good sale for the pamphlet already. The Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain have sent us a good order." Mr. Gott is welcome. The more the thing is sold the more people will be nauseated. But he might send us along a bit for our "Human Documents."

THE ULSTERICAL KIP.

It will not surprise anybody except Mr. Martin, the M.P. for St. Pancras East, that the Attorney-General refuses to indict Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his alleged verses about Ulster. If everybody who wrote frantic political doggerel were to be indicted, the Attorney-General would be extra busy at this season of the year.

EXTENDING THE LITANY.

One of our readers suggests that the following be inserted in the Litany, and read in all churches, immediately after the reference to "lightning and tempest": —"From all pervicacious partitionists, party politicians, pestiferous preachers, plaguey pleaders, and from the Prudential's policies, Good Lord deliver us." We have no objection.

A SUGGESTION TO THE "A.A."

Now that police traps are not so numerous as they once were, we suggest to the Automobile Association that it would be extremely popular, and at the same time a highly beneficial action on their part, if they placed scouts at various dangerous cross roads in London, for the purpose of warning the drivers of private motors and taxis, irrespective of "A.A." membership. We cannot reasonably expect policemen to be put on special point duty everywhere for this purpose, and the necessity for such provision was forcibly impressed upon our mind a few days ago when we witnessed a terrific collision between a powerful car crossing from Queen's Road, Battersea, into Cedars Road, and a taxi going full speed along the main Wandsworth Road.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

WITNESS: "He was as drunk as a judge—I beg pardon, I mean as drunk as a lord, my lord."

A TROUBLESOME CHILD.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For stating, in its description of a recent match between the Portsmouth and Treharris Football Clubs, that: "There was a TREMENDOUS *gate, quite* FOURTEEN *spectators being present,"*

THE EVENING NEWS (Portsmouth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a Bill for Adult Suffrage, presented by Mr. Henderson, M.P., "provides for the registration as Parliamentary voters of ALL MEN AND WOMEN UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE,"

THE MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Boy Scouts (Birmingham Association) Souvenir Programme," that: "Scouts are never allowed to ASK *for money, but are always taught to* HELP THEMSELVES,"

THE BIRMINGHAM & DISTRICT ASSOCIATION OF BOY SCOUTS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its report of a recent race, that: "Avernus and Lorello ran side by side throughout, and in a desperate finish the pair passed the post locked together, and the judge being unable to separate them a DEAD-HEAT *was the result with Lorello* THREE-PARTS OF A LENGTH BEHIND,"

THE SPORTSMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Messrs. Gillman and Sollom held their ANNUAL WEEKLY *market in their sale yard,"*

THE HANTS AND BERKS GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in an account of an accident, that: "The iron-work fell clear and WAS SMASHED TO BITS, *but Mr. Wood was not so* FORTUNATE,"

THE BURTON CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The Prime Minister INDIGNANTLY RESENTED *the assertion that Ministers had been* LOYAL *to their convictions,"*

THE LEICESTER DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a constable "brought the prisoner to the Police Station INSIDE THREE PAIRS OF BOOTS,"

THE SOUTH WALES GAZETTE (Abertillery)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Mr. Bonar Law's speech at the Belfast Unionist demonstration under the heading "Unionist Leader's Speech at GLASGOW,"

THE LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its report of a football match between the West Bromwich and Blackburn Rovers teams, that: "There was LITTLE WIND, *and Crompton, winning the toss, had the* STRONG WIND *behind him in the opening half—a big advantage,"*

THE SPORTING MAN (Newcastle-on-Tyne)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 542.

THE "TITANIC" DISASTER—AND CRIME.

WHO SHALL HANG?—FRONT BENCH CONSPIRACY TO EVADE RESPONSIBILITY—OUR BOARD OF TRADE EXPOSURES JUSTIFIED.

"IF YOU SEE IT IN 'JOHN BULL'—IT IS SO."

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Someone ought to hang over this *Titanic* business. Sixteen hundred men and women have been murdered on the high seas.

They went forth on their various missions, happy passengers, on the latest and largest ocean liner, with the guarantee of the British Government, through its Board of Trade, that all was well. The vessel had been duly inspected and passed, and the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act had been duly complied with, to the satisfaction of the Board. In these circumstances the mighty ship left her berth at Southampton on April 10th with 2,200 souls on board, bound for New York. Taking the shortest route, the Captain found himself, on the night of Sunday, April 14th, in the centre of the iceberg and icefield zone, off the coast of Newfoundland—notwithstanding that at this season of the year such a course is attended with the gravest danger, and notwithstanding the further fact that he had already received friendly warnings from a French vessel of the risk he was running. At 11.45 that same night she struck a huge ice reef, and she now lies at the bottom of the deepest sea.

Board of Trade Culpability.

My first impulse would have been to say that the Captain should be hanged, but he has paid for his blunder with his life. So let him rest. What, however, about our successive Presidents of the Board of Trade, who have sat quietly by for years past, watching the mad race for records between these ponderous transports, and who, with full knowledge of the perils of the Newfoundland iceberg region, have made no stipulation in their Passenger Certificates forbidding the crossing of the Atlantic at a latitude which meant inevitably some day such a disaster as that which has occurred? Surely they should hang!

This, however, is not the full extent of their guilt. Will it be believed that the Rules and Regulations of the Board governing the amount of lifeboat accommodation are those which were made when the largest liner afloat did not exceed 10,000 tons, and that they have remained substantially unaltered during the past twenty years, whilst the tonnage has been steadily rising till it has to-day reached 50,000? So that here with the *Titanic* we had a vessel of 46,000, and certified to carry, all told, passengers and crew, 3,500 human beings, *with lifeboat accommodation for* 1,178, and that only on the assumption that all the boats could be lowered a distance of seventy-five feet with their full complements of living cargo! Again I ask, Whom shall we hang?

Warnings Ignored.

There is no excuse. As long ago as 1910 I directed the attention of the Board of Trade, by questions in Parliament, to the inadequacy of the lifeboat accommodation of the *Titanic's* sister ship, the *Olympic*, which had then just been launched—and, of course, I received the orthodox official reply. "The vessel," said the parliamentary spokesman, "had not only the statutory accommodation, but even more." That is just it. Whatever is statutory is, to the official mind, sacred, and whatever is extra-statutory is sacrosanct. I continued my protests and warnings in these columns from week to week, and from month to month; and it is with grim satisfaction that I find tragic tribute to our well-known slogan as to the accuracy of what appears in this journal. Let me quote from our issue of November 19th, 1910. Speaking of the *Olympic*, we said there was "a serious insufficiency of lifeboats," and we continued, "the explanation given by the Company that the ship is practically unsinkable is most unsatisfactory. *No vessel can be considered unsinkable if it meets with certain concussions.*" (It is, of course, common knowledge that the *Titanic* and *Olympic* were built from the same plan.)

Now let me turn to our issue of December 3rd of the same year. Commenting on the reply I had received in Parliament, we said, "We are quite unable to understand how Mr. Buxton could have given such answer," and continued, "*We tell Mr. Buxton, without fear of contradiction, that if he allows the 'Olympic'*"—and for this purpose *Olympic* may read as *Titanic*—"*to go to sea with only her present number of boats, he will have a weighty responsibility to reckon with should disaster befall the ship.*"

A Striking Prophecy.

On December 24th we again dealt with the matter, characterising the Board of Trade Regulations as "inadequate and hazardous," pointing out that they were "framed a great many years ago when there was no steamer in the water of more than 10,000 tons," and protesting against the same maximum remaining in force. Just then the *Pericles*, belonging to the Aberdeen White Star line, had gone down in a calm sea and fair weather. Fortunately, she possessed sufficient lifeboat accommodation to take off every soul on board, "but," said we, "supposing the *Olympic* (or *Titanic*) with 16 boats only had been in the same position, and had 3,400 souls on board? Loaded to the water's edge, these boats could only have taken off less than a thousand passengers; 2,400 *souls must have gone to the bottom of the ocean.*" But for the fact that the *Olympic* sailed a few days before the *Titanic*, there would undoubtedly have been the full complement on board the ill-fated vessel, in which case our figures would have been literally justified!

We took up the theme again a week later. It will be remembered that the Board of Trade is now endeavouring to shield itself, to some extent, behind what it describes as the universally accepted theory amongst experts of the unsinkability of ships fitted with water-tight compartments. We reiterated our non-acceptance of this theory, saying: "The argument as to the unsinkability of modern ships is *all bunkum*," and called attention to the fact, which apparently all the experts seemed to have overlooked, that "although the *Pericles* was equipped with a double bottom, water-tight compartments, and all the other paraphernalia supposed to render a vessel unsinkable, she foundered shortly after striking a reef." Oh, these experts!

The Builders' Precaution.

And now the awakening has come. And the more we look into the tragedy the more ghastly aspect it assumes. Will it be believed that the designer of the

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—See page 545.

Titanic provided for, and that the builders actually erected, specially constructed davits, each capable of taking three boats—being clearly under the impression (as, indeed, is now admitted) that the time had come for expanding the provisions of the Board of Trade? And another horrible consideration is that if two lifeboats had been placed under each davit every human being who was on the ship on that fateful night could, and probably would, have been saved. Then comes the further discovery that if the White Star Company had not deliberately kept a portion of each side of the boat deck open for the purpose of improving the view from a special promenade, there would have been room for lifeboat accommodation more than sufficient to take the full authorised passenger capacity of the vessel.

Cargo Boats Better Off.

Let us now contrast the above state of things with the Board of Trade Regulations for cargo boats. Will it be credited that on such vessels the *Regulations* of the Board require lifeboat accommodation *for everyone on board, on each side of the boat*—that is to say, in duplicate, presumably for the purpose of providing for the contingency of the vessel listing when in trouble, and thus rendering the boats on one side unavailable? A few years ago the Board of Trade were very busy summoning the captains and owners of tramp steamers carrying cattle from the River Plate ports to Liverpool and London for not having the full accommodation on each side of their steamers, the contention being that such double accommodation was also imperative for the cattlemen they carried, the vessels only complying with the Regulations to the extent of the double provision for their usual crew. Yet often alongside these very steamers were Atlantic liners carrying thousands of passengers, with boats for but a third of the number!

Front Bench Conspiracy.

It will be seen that each Party is equally to blame. If we hang Mr. Buxton, we must also hang Mr. Gerald Balfour, who was Tory President of the Board of Trade. If we hang Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George, Messrs. Arthur Balfour and Chamberlain must also "swing." That is why they are all now hanging together! "I quite agree," chips in Mr. Bonar Law, "with the President of the Board of Trade; we must not be in a hurry—we must wait and see; we must not be in a hurry; *we must not upset the shipping trade.*" And this from one who was to instil commonsense and business methods into the policy of his party! The fact is that both sides realise their guilt. One cannot be exposed without involving the other. Just imagine what would have happened if the Liberals had been continuously in power since 1894. You would have had the Tories moving the adjournment of the House—impeaching Ministers and rousing the country from end to end to a white heat of indignation at the criminality of the Government's neglect of duty. As it is, they meet behind the Speaker's Chair and agree to stifle public inquiry. What a game it is!

Pleasure and Channel Steamers.

The absurdity of the existing Regulations will be vividly brought to light when I mention the requirements for the various passenger steamers trading round our coasts. Picture what would happen to the hundreds of passengers on board the *Clacton Belle* or *Koh-i-noor* should an accident happen! These vessels are required to carry *only three boats each, with a capacity for 60 persons.* The *La Marguerite* is required to carry six boats under davits for 170 persons, with either another three boats or life-rafts, etc., for a total of 255 persons.

The *Ben-my-Chree* and *Empress Queen*, both between 2,000 and 2,700 tons, are required to carry six boats under davits, the former with accommodation for 265 and the latter 190 persons, with three extra boats or life-rafts—the total accommodation in the former to be for 398, and the latter 285 persons!

As regards the Calais-Dover boats, *Empress*, *Invicta*, *Riviera* and *Queen*, these vessels are required to carry each six boats under davits for 170 persons, with three extra boats or life-rafts, to accommodate in all 255 persons each. And often have I been one of six to seven hundred passengers!

Of course, the explanation is that the life-boat accommodation for all boats is at present based on tonnage, and not upon the number of passengers carried

"Wireless" Equipment and Rules.

Apart from life-boats, every passenger liner should now be compelled to carry a complete "wireless" installation, *with two operators—one or other of whom should be always on duty.* It was by mere chance that the *Carpathia* operator happened to be up when the *Titanic's* message was signalled. The question of collapsible boats also demands immediate attention. My information is that they are no good at all—easily becoming waterlogged, and usually turning upside down when lowered over the side of the ship.

The Question of Route.

One of the most startling incidents of the tragedy has been the callous admission by the owners that they have been guilty of recklessness in allowing their ships to take the direct northern route, knowing the danger involved at this time of year. As soon as I put down a question in the House, the various companies hastily met and wired instructions to their captains to come south—first 60 miles and now, I believe, 120. Surely if an ordinary locomotive driver may be prosecuted for manslaughter as the result of his recklessness all the directors of the White Star line should be indicted.

Treatment of the Crew.

Whilst on the subject of the directors, let me express the hope that the crew of the *Titanic* will receive better treatment than was meted out to the men of the *Olympic* who were compelled to bring actions to recover their money, having been incontinently dismissed—on the ground that the ship was a "wreck"—and were, I believe, ultimately defeated on a technical point. In the present case, of course, they are entitled to be brought back as "distressed British Seamen." The *Olympic* men consider that they were treated "horribly."

Lifeboat Drill.

Another point which any proper Board of Trade would insist upon is that of regular Lifeboat Drill. It was found, in the case of the *Titanic*, that scarcely one of the crew had the remotest idea how to release and work the boats, whilst in many instances, to my knowledge, the whole of the life-saving apparatus and gear were altogether unworkable.

A Mythical Board.

How often during the past five years have we hammered away at our mythical Board of Trade! How often have we ridiculed its membership—comprising a few professional Party politicians, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons! Only a day or two ago, when we asked whether it was proposed to retain the Speaker of the new Irish Parliament as a member of the Board, Mr. Birrell seemed to think the whole matter a huge joke. Perhaps, after what has happened, public opinion will demand that the Board of Trade shall be a *real* Board, consisting of men of business.

Postscript.

Just as we go to press, Mr. Buxton has announced that a Wreck Court is to "sit" upon the *Titanic*. I need scarcely point out that the scope of such an enquiry is strictly limited by Statute, and that its sole effect will be to shelve the scandal till public feeling has subsided. *What* a game it is!

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 545.*

THE LASCAR PERIL.

A P. & O.'S STEWARD'S PROPHECY FULFILLED.

A steward on the P. & O. R.M.S. *Mongolia*, supported by several of his comrades who have also signed his letter, writing on March 17th—before the exhibition of cowardice by the lascars on the occasion of the loss of the company's boat *Oceana*—protests that, despite the fact that the company receives a great deal of British money for the carriage of mails, &c., instead of employing a British crew and paying accordingly, it avails itself of the services of a horde of nondescripts in the engine-department, as foremen, trimmers, etc. These are, of course, cheap, both from the point of view of wages and keep. He says that, with the exception of a stray quarter-master, boatswain, gunner, and a sprinkling of artificers, such as carpenter, winchman, and sail-maker, the ordinary crew consists of Hindoos of various aspect, whose quaint attire and visage give the ship a very un-English appearance. He prophesies—unfortunately his words being only too soon borne out by the event—that in time of disaster these would prove a very dangerous element, especially considering their number and their semi-barbarous state.

Of the stewards, only half are British, the remainder being Indians mixed with a little Portuguese blood, but mostly as black as negroes. These Hindoo-Portuguese act as table-waiters, bedroom-stewards, pantrymen and cooks, and are placed in the best jobs. As they are cheap and industrious they are treated with unusual respect by their superior officers, to the detriment of the white portion of the stewards' department, who must accept all backslang from their coloured rivals, from whose hands they receive their goods, they holding the keys of the lockers and attending to the dividing and distribution. Should a Britisher be driven to strike one, it costs him 5s., no excuse being accepted. On the *Mongolia* the pay is very poor, from 30s. to £3 a month being usual.

Our correspondent also complains of the food provided, and of the hours of work, while he thinks that the stewards, upon whom, in time of peril, would fall the manning of the boats, should receive more training in the handling of them.

Of course, the lascars themselves should not be blamed too much for their cowardly disposition; this is very largely due to their place of birth and to the oppression which their race has suffered for so many centuries. The complaint should rather be of those who employ them in positions in which their natural cowardice may imperil the lives of others committed to their charge.

CHALLENGE TO A GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

STOKERS WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

Recently a Stokers' Union had reason to apply to a Guarantee Society for bonds for officials who handled the subscriptions. Of course, before any business could be transacted the usual series of questions was dispatched for answer. These proved too much of a handful for the men who work below the water line, so they were sent along to us, with the intimation that if the Managing Director of the Guarantee Society can answer truthfully the three following questions, the stokers will then make a strenuous endeavour to reply to the Company's twelve more searching ones:—

(1) What particular brand of feeding bottle did your mother feed you from when a baby, and was the bottle your mother's, or did it belong to a neighbour?

(2) Were you insured when you were a baby, and if so, state whether the policy was made out in your own name, that of your mother, or reputed father?

(3) Did you ever howl or scream when you were a baby, and if so, was the prime cause a pain in your tummy, or a pin in your dress? Also what age were you when you were breeched—and what happened?

THE LONDON FRIENDLY INSTITUTION.

The harsh treatment of Mr. H. S. Harrison, a member of the above body, mentioned in our issue of last week, has, we are pleased to state, been reconsidered by the Institution. He has now been admitted to sick benefit.

PULLING THE "CHRONICLE'S" LEG.

A "WHITEWASHING" SEQUEL.

In June of last year we denounced in the strongest terms the management of what is known as "The Haven for Homeless Little Ones." Mrs. Ransome Wallis is the founder, and the "show" Home is at Croydon. Four weeks after the publication of our articles there appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* a couple of the most fulsome "whitewashing" articles it has ever been our misfortune to read. We immediately replied in the following paragraph:—

> Doubtless the *Chronicle* imagines, in its simplicity, that it has covered up all Mrs. Wallis's shortcomings. No doubt this good lady will have all these articles of her whitewasher published in pamphlet form. Then they can be used to draw in subscriptions. In the meantime, what we have said we have said. Mrs. Ransome Wallis uses her house at Croydon as a decoy for getting in subscriptions from the public. She does not take any babies into her Home, but places them out to nurse with foster-mothers, many of whom have a great difficulty in getting payment from her, although the amount is only 5s. weekly. The maintenance of children in her Home at Croydon costs per head nearly three times this sum weekly. Finally, Mrs. Ransome Wallis was prosecuted by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children about 12 months ago, and fined the maximum penalty for neglecting, ill-using and exposing a child.
>
> No whitewash, however thick it may be, and whoever lays it on, can cover up the facts with reference to Mrs. Ransome Wallis, her "Home," and her connection with the Wilesmith case, which have been published in the columns of JOHN BULL.
>
> We are unaware as to who was responsible for keeping her name out of that horrible cruelty case at Worcester, but once we found out where the child, Florence Pastorfield, came from, before she was adopted by the virago, Mrs. Wilesmith, we promptly gave that name the publicity it deserved.

What we anticipated in July last has now become an accomplished fact. Mrs. Ransome Wallis has republished some of the *Daily Chronicle's* whitewash daub, and is endeavouring to rake in a sum of £5,000.

It is no use being mealy-mouthed with a woman of the temperament of Mrs. Wallis. Time after time we have denounced the management of her establishment, yet she turns up smiling, and even asks us for a subscription One of the pamphlets she forwards us is entitled "A Rare Chance." A rare chance for what, and for whom?

By-the-bye, we wonder how long Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., late Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, is going to remain one of the "Home's" Vice-Presidents.

GAS COMPANIES AND DEPOSITS.

A CASE IN WHICH "IT'S THE POOR WHO ALWAYS PAY."

Some time ago a small householder informed the Kingston-upon-Thames Gas Company that he required a supply. They demanded £2 deposit, in case he left at any time owing an account. Objection being taken to this, they replied that unless it was paid they would fit only a slot meter, thus, of course, obtaining a considerably higher price for the gas. Our correspondent then paid the amount. Subsequently, he ran up a bill with them for £1 2s., and they threatened him with proceedings unless it was paid within three days. It certainly seems a bit unfair.

The amounts in the hands of some of the gas companies must be quite considerable. The Southend-on-Sea Company, we are informed, exact £4 deposit, on which but 2 per cent. interest is allowed. Some companies, of course—such as the Tottenham and Edmonton, and Hornsey—seldom require any security.

"FIGHTING FOR A PRINCIPLE."

The case of Chief-Armourer Payton, mentioned in our issue of March 13th, assumes a more interesting aspect from day to day. Although over a month ago he was ordered by the magistrate at Southampton to pay arrears of maintenance or suffer a month's imprisonment, he has not parted with the money—nor has he been arrested. More will be heard of the matter.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 545.*

MR. FOX.

A STORY OF HIS MAJESTY THE SQUIRE.

By Richard Morton.

CHAPTER I.

A Life of Luxury.

Down in the depths of the wood, on a bank of dry leaves, lay Mr. Fox, senior, blinking his brown eyes in the shaft of sunshine that came in between the tree-tops. He was fat, happy, and, this afternoon, very lazy.

Seated on his haunches, near him, was Mr. Fox, junior, who was extremely thin, half-starved, in fact, and therefore looked widely different in condition from his comfortable dad. The junior Fox was moaning and complaining, and there were real tears in his eyes. They were the tears of hunger.

The senior Fox was not at all perturbed by the plight of his offspring. In fact, he was teasing him.

"How would you like to have your teeth in the breast of a nice young chicken just now?" he asked.

"Don't, father, it's cruel to torment me like that. And you never bring home any food now."

"Not for you; of course not. You are big enough to get your own. I suppose you could even fancy a tough old hen?"

"I should rather think I could. I'm ready to drop from starvation."

"More fool you. If you would eat chicken, get chicken."

"How?" The plea was really very distressful.

"Go to the farm and help yourself to the first straggler."

"But, if I went to the farm, they would kill me. I'm afraid."

"You are a coward. You are worse than that, because there is nothing to be afraid of. The fox is the happiest creature on earth; his only enemy is the hound. If he can dodge the dogs, his days shall be long in the land, and his tum-tum shall be full of chicken and pheasant. The hounds have only troubled me three times; the first time I took to the water and threw them off the scent; on the other two occasions I went to earth and stayed there till next day. Our life is the freest, finest, in existence. We help ourselves to all we want, and nobody says us nay."

"But if I took a chicken, the farmer would shoot me."

"Idiot! Shoot a fox? Sir, you are talking rank blasphemy. Know you not that we are sacrosanct? How dare you make such a suggestion? But you are green yet, and I must give you a lesson. Here, come along with me, and I will teach you how to go marketing without money, and how to replenish your larder without so much as 'by-your-leave.'"

CHAPTER II.

By the Squire's Command.

The farmer and his visitor from London were talking affably over the doings of the day. They were leaning on a stile, and commanded a fair view of meadows and swelling uplands. Suddenly the Londoner pointed to something. It was a shadowy form stealing swiftly along in a line with the hedge, a sinful-looking thing on four quick legs. Something was dangling from its mouth.

"Look!" cried the Londoner. "Isn't that a fox?"

"Yes," said the farmer. "With one of my chickens. And there's another fox following, a younger fox. With another of my chickens."

"Well, man," cried the excited Londoner, "you have your gun, shoot!"

"Shoot a fox? Good lord! Why, life wouldn't be worth living. I'd be hunted out of the country, marked for life as a man to be avoided by his neighbours. Talk of boycotting! It'd be ten times worse. The foxes had fourteen of my birds last week. And a man over yonder lost thirty. Shoot a fox, indeed! What would the hunt say?"

"Ah, I suppose the hunt pays for the damage?"

"The Master of the hunt is the Squire, and the Squire is my landlord. He says we ain't to send in no claims, because they won't be paid if we do."

"And do you put up with such treatment?"

"If we don't like it, says the Squire, we can—get another farm. He's our lord, and there goes his god, Mister Fox."

BACKDOOR PESTS.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CASE.

At last the authorities have begun to take action to check the intolerable nuisance of "backdoor pests."

Two men, George Henry Smith and Henry Struchcombe, who trade as Gibbs and Co., Hammersmith (a firm we have time after time exposed), were summoned at Highgate on a charge of dealing in plate without a licence, and were fined £10 each and costs, amounting in all to £23 11s. 6d.

A police officer stated that Gibbs and Co. employed men and women of indifferent character, some of whom had been many times convicted of larceny; servants were "touted" for orders, and a great number of complaints had been received. In one case a Kensington servant was asked to buy a bracelet for £1, but declined. The "tout" left it for her to show to other servants. The next day another man called and declined to take the bracelet back, and induced her to sign a paper and pay 1s. After paying 5s. the girl became ill, and offered to forfeit the money and return the bracelet. The offer was declined, and later she received two messages from the firm, one threatening County Court proceedings and the other saying that they would place the matter in the hands of the police. Similar bracelets were on the market at 48s. a dozen.

On being fined, Smith's remark was illuminating: "We keep it as clean as we can in this rotten business."

Persons under 21 years of age are not liable to pay for goods supplied unless they are necessaries, so servants and others under this age need not be afraid of idle threats by firms of the type of Gibbs and Co.—and even in the case of persons of full age, if the facts were fully placed before a County Court Judge, a committal order would never be granted.

We shall continue to agitate against this system until the authorities take much more drastic action.

LODGING HOUSE EUCLID.

FOR ELEMENTARY STUDENTS.

Definitions.

1. All *lodging houses* are the same *lodging houses*.
2. Lodgers in the *same lodging house* and in the *same flat* are *equal*.
3. A *single room* is that which has no partitions and *no magnitude*.
4. When all the other rooms of a lodging house are taken, a *single room* is said to be a *double room*.
5. A landlady is a parallelogram—or other plain, oblong, irregular figure, which cannot be described and is *equal* to *anything*.
6. A *wrangle* is the *dis-inclination* of two lodgers to each other, which meet together, but are not in the same flat.

Postulates and Propositions.

1. Any two meals in a lodging house are together *less* than one *square* meal.
2. A *pie* is a constant quantity and may be produced any number of times.
3. The bedclothes of a lodging house, though produced ever so far both ways, will never meet.
4. The landlady of a lodging house may be reduced in her lowest terms by a series of propositions.
5. On the same bill, and on the same side of it, there will always be two charges for the same thing.
6. If there shall be two lodgers in the same flat and the amount of *side* of one be equal to the amount of *side* of the other—each to each—and the *wrangle* between one lodger and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other lodger, then shall the *weekly bills* of the two lodgers be *equal*—also *each to each*; for, if not, let one bill be the *greater*—then the other bill is *less than it might have been*, which is *absurd*.—Q.E.D.

Mrs. Bull, with characteristic enterprise, has appointed a highly-experienced West-End doctor to answer any medical questions which her ailing readers desire to put. Great numbers are, we understand, taking advantage of this method of obtaining cheap but really expert advice. Further particulars appear in our companion publication.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 542.

BEHIND THE VEIL OF LONDON LIFE—II.

BUSINESS GIRLS, BEWARE!

By Our Special Commissioner.

[This week we publish the second instalment of what will prove to be a startling series of articles by Our Special Commissioner, giving the result of an extensive investigation, upon which he has been engaged for some time past, into the hidden life of London—the Modern Babylon. We shall do our utmost to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the most fastidious reader, but the story we have to tell is a solemn and momentous one, and will, we trust, be of inestimable service to the community.]

Last week I drew attention to a Bill to be presented to Parliament entitled "The Prevention of Immorality Bill," and I dealt with the first clause, namely, that dealing with Procuration, and promised to relate this week my personal interview with a

Society Procuress.

I have already explained how this "wolf in sheep's clothing" entrapped a young typist, and how also the girl thirsted for revenge, yet had not the moral courage to prosecute. For several days I took my seat for lunch at the popular restaurant I have mentioned; the typist who had been so grossly wronged sat at another table, but in such a position that we could see each other. On the third or fourth day's visit the little typist sent a waitress to me with the following message, written in pencil on a slip of paper:—"Woman just come in. Has taken her seat at the end table on the same side of the room as you are sitting." A nod of understanding to my informant, and she left for her business.

I now took a mental photograph of the "lady" I was about to track. I judged her to be about forty years of age. She was dressed quietly, but fashionably, and her general bearing was that of a good middle-class wife. I could hardly believe that a woman of her type could possibly be carrying on such a damnable business, and I almost decided within myself that the girl who had given me the information was mistaken. However, I determined to follow her, and eventually safely located her in a house in Kilburn. The place seemed to be respectably conducted, and I had almost given up in despair when one of my assistants whom I had left at Kilburn informed me of a disturbance created by a young woman with the landlady of the house. Her case proved to be similar to the typist's, but of old standing. What is to be deplored, though, is that this victim number two is of weak character, and after her first fall had drifted on the streets, and indeed on more than one occasion had given material help to the procuress in her hunt for fresh victims. The reason of her call at Kilburn was to obtain some money by way of commission, but as she had lunched "not wisely but too well," the landlady refused to allow her to enter the house—hence the disturbance. However, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," so the little incident led to the hounding from this country of a notorious procuress. The evidence I was able to establish was overwhelming, but just at the moment I was about to act I learnt that victim number two—the very girl who had, to use a common expression, "blown the gaff"—had taken her revenge by informing the procuress of what she had done. There was a terrible row at Kilburn and a hurried departure for the boat train. In my possession I have, however, ample evidence of the astonishing number of fresh girl victims obtained over a period of close upon two years, and in some cases the names of their aristocratic purchasers. What awkward documents letters are to be sure! The income of this notorious person was over £2,000 a year.

But if Mr. King really imagines he is going to put a stop by Act of Parliament to the traffic in young girls he is very much mistaken. All he will succeed in doing is making the risk of procuration greater, and, of course, correspondingly raising the price of the commodity. I use blunt language because I am dealing with a subject which requires it. It is true that the Bill provides for the punishment of the receiver as well as the seller, but does anyone in his senses imagine that such a Bill will pass the House of Lords, even if it manages to get through the Commons? Before touching upon other items of this remarkable "preventive" Bill, let us endeavour to ascertain what is being done at the present time to assist what are known as "fallen girls."

"Rescue Homes."

There are in Great Britain considerably over five hundred Magdalen Institutions, mostly supported by voluntary contributions. I have been in communication with a number of them, and in many instances have had personal interviews with the matrons and inmates. And what are my deductions? Simply that so soon as they have rescued one girl, and placed her in a decent situation, there is another waiting to occupy her place. The matrons of most of these establishments assure me that funds are urgently needed to enlarge their premises in order to make room for sad cases they are at the present time unable to accommodate. A little imagination will give some idea of the misery and suffering of some of these poor girls.

The Root Cause.

In discussing Rescue Work and the White Slave Traffic with all competent authorities, I invariably ask, "What do you consider the cause of the growing evil?" The answers I receive are in most cases in conformity with the frame of mind caused by the particular environment of the individual of whom I asked the question. For instance, when I suggested to Mr. J. S. Maddison, the Secretary of the Reformatory and Refuge Union—a most conscientious worker, by the way—that the cause was economic, he disagreed. Turning to the Union's Statistical Year Book for 1912, the reason of his answer is obvious, for I read:—

> Our chief aim is to reclaim and elevate the neglected and criminal classes by educating them in the fear of God and in the knowledge of the Scriptures.

Now I affirm that any person who imagines he can reclaim these people by pumping the Scriptures into them, is very much mistaken.

Speaking at a great Catholic conference in Liverpool a couple of years ago, Father Hughes told of a girl in that city who was engaged in the drapery trade at 2s. 7d. a week. She drifted into a life of vice. When Father Hughes found her she had spent two years of this butterfly life, and was in possession of ten thousand pounds' worth of jewellery. The good father argued that while girls were offered £13 8s. 8d. for two years of virtuous toil, and ten thousand pounds for the same period spent in vice, the result must be inevitable. Of course there are not many of such girls who are able to make £5,000 a year, but on the other hand there are hundreds of thousands of girls who toil for a whole week for little over half-a-crown.

Labour leaders are unanimous that the root cause is economic; and a great many matrons of these rescue homes are of the same opinion. One of these, over a cup of tea, took me into her confidence, on consideration that her name was not published. She said:—"Of course, we have religious instruction here. We must; otherwise our subscribers would not like it, and we should soon have to close our doors. The fact of the matter is, the religion preached is an unreal one. If it were honest and true some good might be done, but when we try to teach girls with a Board School education some of the Bible precepts one can see they don't accept them—and the time is wasted." Next week I will give an account of the information I obtained at this establishment from several inmates.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—See page 548.

"If Gamage were my partner"

HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS THERE.

Mr. A. W. Gamage.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress has been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, when to lay down new plant and when to retrench, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only a few days ago Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restauranteur; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, advertisement manager of *The Times*; and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley Ltd. Nor are these all, for you can have the advice of many other famous men, such, for example, as Mr. H. Simonis, the advertisement manager of the *Morning Leader* and one of the most able members of the advertising profession in Great Britain.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the "Business Encyclopædia" and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the "Business Encyclopædia." For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

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In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of JOHN BULL, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

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THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

EXEMPLARY TOASTS WITH SUGGESTED RESPONSES.

CAPTAIN RONALD AMUNDSEN.

GENTLEMEN,—Now that the ices—(laughter)—have arrived, to cool us after the heat of our fierce but successful engagement with the menu, it seems a fitting moment for me to rise and point out to you the fact that our signal victory over the viands has been largely contributed to by the presence of our celebrated Norwegian friend, Captain Ronald Amundsen—(loud cheers)—who, I am happy to have observed, has brought a serviceable appetite back with him from the South Pole. (Cheers.) Although this is but the second of our newly inaugurated series of dinners, we can already point with pride to the fact that within the short space of a fortnight we have had the honour of entertaining at our humble board two of the most distinguished representatives of the respective worlds of science and of art—Sir George Alexander, who, I doubt not, weeps for more histrionic worlds to conquer; and Captain Amundsen, who has succeeded in shaking the stuffing out of Sir Ernest Shackleton and has cooked the goose of Captain Scott.

Captain Amundsen, gentlemen, is a man of deeds, not words. (Cheers.) Whether he is as harmless as the dove I will not venture to assert; but that he is as wise as the serpent has already been demonstrated. It is a pretty story, gentlemen, how he spoofed the Royal Geographical Society and the crowd of Antarctic enthusiasts who were all scheming to profit by Shackleton's failure. Instead of announcing himself as a competitor in the international race to the South Pole, he came to London in 1909 and declared to the Royal Geographical Society his intention to undertake a seven years' expedition to the Arctic regions. He was believed; because it is the custom of scientists to nurse the exploded fiction that there is honour among scientific men. (Groans.) Consequently, when Captain Amundsen sailed away in the *Fram* in 1910, everybody believed he had steered for the north; and Captain Scott and others who had been foolish enough to state, like open-minded sailors, that the South Pole was their objective, proceeded leisurely with their preparations, never dreaming that our honoured guest——But I must not go ahead too fast.

The British Antarctic Expedition, commanded by Captain Scott, started off with a flourish of trumpets and the patronising blessing of Sir Ernest Shackleton. In February, 1911, the Expedition steamed into the Bay of Whales and found they had been forestalled by the *Fram* and that Captain Amundsen was already well on his way to the South Pole.

That Captain Amundsen reached the Pole is now a matter of history. It is an achievement that has won him fame. But for my own part I think he should be praised not so much for what he has done, as for the manner of his doing it. Gentlemen, who but Captain Amundsen would have thought of such an ingenious device for putting the Royal Geographical Society off the scent? (Hear, hear!) Who, gentlemen, but Captain Amundsen would have clothed his artful strategy in such a wealth of circumstantial detail—such as stating that the duration of his Arctic exploration would be seven years, when it was his secret intention to slip round the back of the world on the quiet and bag the South Pole? (Cries of "Who, indeed!")

Gentlemen, that may be the Norwegian method. If so, we must at least admit that Captain Amundsen is a brilliant and successful exponent of it. Therefore, gentlemen, I ask you to rise and toast the health of our guest, not because he reached the Pole, but as a mark of your admiration for his transcendent abilities in the realms of spoof—(prolonged cheers)—in which Dr. Cook so signally failed.

(*Interval for Captain Amundsen to pull himself together.*)

CAPTAIN RONALD AMUNDSEN responds:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—I much appreciate the cordiality with which you have drunk my health. I would merely point out that the difference between myself and Dr. Cook is simply this—he spoofed to cover up his failure, whilst I spoofed to make certain my success. I am not a professor of morals—(cheers)—but it seems to me that the end justified the means. (Cheers and cries of dissent, during which the guest took his departure.)

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXCI.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

SAD PLIGHT OF A CONSUMPTIVE FAMILY.

We appeal to our readers on behalf of the poor woman whose letter we publish below:—

"I am in great distress. My husband and one of my little girls, aged 11, are both in the hospital suffering from consumption. I have five other children—a boy of 18, unfortunately ten weeks out of work, and a girl of 15 earning 4s. 6d. per week in a factory. The ages of the other children are 2, 6 and 9. I myself am not able to get any work, being at the present time under the doctor for consumption, and I am also expecting an increase in family shortly. I have pawned and sold everything I possessed and am now expecting—unless something unforeseen happens—to be turned out of home, or what is left of it, not being able to pay the rent. I am 37, and my husband is 38. I should be truly grateful for the smallest amount, for I am greatly in need.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLXXXII.—"Planter," Five Straits Settlements dollars.
CLXXXVII.—J. W. S., 5s.
CLXXXVIII.—J. W. S., 20s.; G. L. H., 5s.; K. and G., 1s.
CLXXXIX.—"Rahdol," 6d.; K. and G., 1s.; O. R. H., 1s.; G. M. H., 5s.; "Kestrel," 3s.; J. W. S., 10s.; J. T., 1s.; "Sunny Jim," 2s.; "Kenneth and Muriel," 2s. 6d.
CXC.—L. A. H. (Transvaal), 5s.; "Elstow," 1s.; "Nugget," 2s. 6d.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist in this work. We defray all expenses of every kind, including the cost of special investigation.

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Total, £2 17s. 7d., of which we have allocated to CLXXVII., 10s.; CLXXXVIII., 20s.; CLXXXIX., 7s. 7d.; CLC., 20s.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 542.

The Illustrated

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By Jim Crow.

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Did you think I was the victim of spontaneous combustion or suspended animation or had really been consigned to the knackers? Well, here we are again, as the clowns used to scream in our early Victorian infancy. But do not imagine that I return in a white sheet. As a disciple of Disraeli, I believe that apologies only serve to explain what they cannot alter.

The Pleasures of a Prodigal.

The fact is, I have been making holiday, as merrily as any coal-heaver. First, I devoted myself to a dog, but it died of distemper. Then I sought solace at sea while you were shivering beside empty grates, fumbling over florins, haggling over Home Rule. Take my word for it, a transpontine trip affords the supreme solace for congested brains. Apart from Marconi messages, you enjoy complete severance from the world. An atmosphere of serene laziness interdicts all idea of serious work or thought. You can give yourself over to a contemplation of Nature and the gratification of natural instincts.

Sybarites at Sea.

Moreover, you may count upon comfort nowadays. Once upon a time I travelled by a great Indian steamer. I shared a cabin with two strangers, and we had to dodge each other when we wanted to dress. There was a queue at the bathroom doors, and the comfort was that of a tin of sardines. Now I have just been to Gibraltar and back on a modern liner and I begin to realise the possibilities of luxury at sea. I had a cabin to myself, with a real bed and a real chest of drawers and a bathroom next door—I could have desired nothing better in the best of hotels. And I was treated more like a fighting cock than an ordinary human. Better comparison still: I was fed like a Strasburg goose from whom *pâté de foie gras* is expected. Breakfast was a banquet, with about fifteen courses, including pudding and dessert; lunch was reminiscent of Romano's or Harry Preston's Royal York; dinner would have moved my Lord Mayor to grateful tears. And, all day long, thoughtful stewards wandered about with jugs of beef-tea, trays of sandwiches, zakuskas, appetisers, all sorts of tempting delicacies. To top all, the Bay of Biscay was so smooth that I rechristened it the Bay of Whisky. But then I am the converse of Jonah: the sea is always sensible when I go down to her in ship.s

Amazing Australians.

Nor must I forget the educational advantage of travelling with herds of Australians. They speak a strange language of their own. It is crisp and expressive. I began to compile a vocabulary, but advanced no further than the letter B; Bone = steal; Biff = hit.

Nowadays, when too much is sacrificed at the altar of humour, it is exceedingly refreshing to find people who are not even pawky. Nothing was easier than to pull their legs all day long. They grew quite indignant when I innocently asked where Australia was, when I supposed it belonged to a group of remote islands. They nearly had a fit when I inquired in all seriousness who had won the test cricket matches, these having evidently been their prime preoccupation for weeks and months. On my return journey, I teased a group which had never yet seen England, and I gave them surprising information about this country. They were also inquisitive about Ireland. I told them that the North was inhabited by mongrel Scotchmen. "And the rest of Ireland?" "Oh! by Portuguese Jews." "Then where are the Irish?" "I understand they have all emigrated to Australia." This, of course, they could corroborate of their own knowledge.

Gib Gibber.

I am not sure that I was glad to see Gibraltar again. It is like wine and water, whose mixture is said to spoil two good things. The Spanish, known locally as scorpions, possess a bad reputation, which their slovenly appearance illustrates; they combine servility with impudence. The ruling caste consists of stage subalterns with a monstrous contralto drawl, and sun-stained ladies shaped like smelts. On my arrival they were struggling to extract excitement from the silliest little race meeting ever imagined. I cannot conceive how they contrive to pass the time, for there is nothing to do except lounge and loaf and exchange calls and manufacture scandal out of nothing.

The rock is a passable piece of stage-scenery when beheld from the sea. But the town is dull and drab and dirty. The chief industry seems to be that of tobacconists. They purvey the best of wares at an incredibly low price, for Gibraltar is a free port. But the trouble is to convey your fragrant prize into Spanish territory, for the Customs' officials are incredibly keen retrievers and make bee-lines for your contraband, though you conceal it never so wisely. They prefer to confiscate your tobacco and smoke it themselves, but they will condescend to accept fabulous fines, which may or may not reach the Royal Treasury. Circumspect people, however, obey Messrs. Cook's printed regulations, which enjoin them to take the ticket-collector into their confidence. He accepts charge of tobacco on the boat and goes off to hold a private consultation with the officials at Algeciras, no doubt to their joint advantage. Is this not a delightfully primitive arrangement?

A Flea-ridden Fonda.

Algeciras possesses one of the most luxurious and beautiful hotels in Europe—a Moorish palace in a gorgeous garden—and this is strange, for there is no conceivable reason why anyone should want to visit such a commonplace little town. As for me, I always eschew civilised hostelries when I can find anything barbarously native, so I repaired to a real Spanish inn with an Arabian Night courtyard, full of palms and scented shrubs. I fed chiefly on lentils and chicken skin and fried fish and garlic stew and all the dishes I specially dislike. I wrestled all night with unkind little creatures, whose sanguinary voracity tarnished the fairness of my skin. They were evidently much at home, for when I grumbled to the chamberman about *chinches y pulgas*, he merely made merry.

A Land of Tuneless Song.

The people of Southern Spain change surprisingly little with the lapse of time. I had not visited them for at least a dozen years, and the only difference I could detect was that the picturesque black hats, with their arrogant brims and sporting independent air, have given place to the common cloth caps of our football votaries. Everyone seems always cheerful, boisterous, almost uproarious. Voices are harsh and imperative, even the women having no soft or soothing notes. But the most strident are full of friendliness. I only wish they could be persuaded to abandon a supremely irritating habit of whistling tuneless airs through their teeth. From this they never seem to desist by day or night. Yet I confess I do enjoy their barbaric serenades. My first night I was awakened at about three by a tremendous troubadour, who was yelling an improvised song through his nose with all the weird trills which seem to require a tom-tom as accompaniment. He went on for over half-an-hour and I could not quite make out whether he was drunk or in love, or both. Such demonstrations are by no means rare in Spain. I remember once at Elche how the sleep of a whole street was broken by a nasal recitation about my affability and generosity. It is not often my praises are sung except in cold print or after-dinner speech.

Disappointing Displays.

As it was Holy Week, I went to the cathedral, but I beheld none of the fine ceremonies I am accustomed to find in Spain. Indeed, I should not have known that a service was in progress but for the rising and kneeling of the congregation and the rapid crossing of breasts and mouths and eyes. On Easter Day I went to the bull-ring and saw the feeblest fight I ever came across. The animals were almost calves and only wanted to escape from their tormentors, who were so unskilful that the crowd shared my disgust. I soon hurried away, wondering whether I had not outgrown what Vivian has described as the hottest sport in the world.

Vendad!

I have missed you, my hearties, during all these months, but, if the truth were known, probably not a hundredth part as much as you have missed me.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—See page 545.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To J. Bruce Ismay, Esq., Chairman, White Star Line.

DEAR SIR,—I am impatiently awaiting your return to London—with my whip in my hand. I observe that my business friends in America are putting you through your facings, but there are many things I shall have to ask you, and several matters you will have to explain.

On another page of this issue you will notice an article on the *Titanic* wreck. There are many technical difficulties in the way of stringing up His Majesty's Ministers and ex-Ministers, but these do not apply to you, who are primarily responsible for the scandalous condition of affairs which the *Titanic* disaster has revealed. I need not remind you that when the sister ship, *Olympic*, was launched, and whilst the *Titanic* was being laid down, I expressly warned you and your co-directors of the wicked and infamous inadequacy of the lifeboat provision upon both of these liners. And I took special trouble to call your personal attention to the matter. Instead of heeding my remonstrances, you callously allowed this latest sea leviathan to go out with its human cargo, with the actual knowledge that they were literally taking their lives in their hands, for the recent mishap to the *Olympic* and the *Pericles*—quite apart from any question of your own commonsense—demonstrated beyond doubt the fallacy of your theory of unsinkability. You further knew that in the event of the vessel foundering there was not lifeboat accommodation for more than one-third of the number of passengers whose money you had received for safe conveyance to America; you took no steps to provide for regular and adequate lifeboat drill, and above all, you allowed the vessel to take a route which at this time of the year is known to be attended by the greatest peril, especially in the case of a big unwieldy ship like the *Titanic*.

This, however, in no way exhausts the category of your misdeeds. I now come to a matter upon which I shall require full and explicit explanation. How is it that *you*, above all people, were in one of the lifeboats? What right had you to be there at all? You were the one person on board who, as Chairman of the White Star line, had a large pecuniary interest in the voyage, and your place was at the captain's side till every man, woman and child was safely off the ship. The humblest emigrant in the steerage had more moral right to a seat in the lifeboat than had you. I have before me a heart-rending letter from a relative of a poor woman who was on her way to America in connection with sad domestic trouble, and whose body now lies at the bottom of the sea. I see that such letter expresses wonder and indignation at *your* escape. What are the thoughts in your mind when you picture the scene, so vividly described to us by some of the survivors, of strong men—including, to their honour, some of the much-maligned millionaires—whose last acts consisted of handing down women and children to the boats? Or of wives preferring to go to their doom with their husbands and making room for others to be saved? Or of the brave old captain, on his bridge till the last moment, exhorting everyone, except, apparently, yourself, to "be British"?

Yes, Sir, you have a big account to settle with me, and with the great British public for whom I speak.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Paris.

SIR,—Glad to hear you are winning golden opinions in Paris by your modesty and gentleness. Hope you manage to shake off that tutor sometimes and see a bit of life, for our future King should know all about everything. But who is responsible for your clothes? The French are not only flatterers to their friends but also busy mockers, and they have already begun to ask "Where did you get that hat?" Perhaps your outfitter had seen Frenchmen on the stage and thought straight-trimmed cylinders would be a delicate compliment. Even so, he ought to know that no one wears a frock-coat nowadays except a parson or a politician or a counter-jumper. Please take the sartorial law into your own hands. I want you to do me credit.

JOHN BULL.

To J. H. Grimwade, Esq., Chairman, Watch Committee, Ipswich.

DEAR SIR,—It is now eight or nine months since I wrote to you about the obvious inadequacy of the fire appliances in your town. The recent twelve-hours' fire in Ipswich, with its loss of £100,000, again raises the question in an acute form. Over and over again, on your own showing, you have been pressed by the Superintendent of the Brigade for additional equipment, and yet nothing whatever appears to have been done. Surely he is in a better position than you are to know what is necessary. There is a folly of economy and procrastination which sometimes becomes a moral crime. The day may come when Ipswich will not merely have to regret another disastrous fire, but will be tolling its bells for a heart-rending sacrifice of human lives. It is sufficient to condemn the slackness of your Committee in a duty which is imperative in the interests of life and property that at this last fire the only ladder in use for fighting the flames had to be borrowed from a firm of decorators. If the Committee will not act upon the advice of the Brigade Superintendent, then I suggest that the Council should themselves take the matter in hand.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Cornish, Bishop of St. Germans and Archdeacon of Cornwall.

DEAR BISHOP,—I have read your lordship's charge to the clergy of Cornwall, noting that you tell them to beware of the use of Sunday as a canvassing day for politicians. For my part I hope they will do more than beware of it; I hope they will shun it as being worse than icecream. As your lordship remarks, the affability of local preachers at the door of the chapel wins many hearts, but it is rash to assume that a gentleman who preaches with so much feeling is necessarily a fit and proper person to represent a constituency in Parliament. This said, if your lordship wishes to keep politics out of the chapel I imagine you will do everything within your power to keep it out of the church, and—set the shining example yourself. The political-party parson is not a whit less objectionable than the political-party pastor. I perceive that many parsons up and down the country are already mixing up Biblical texts and the prospective clauses of the next Disestablishment Bill. Strictly between ourselves, my lord, this is adulteration within the meaning of the Act. All my good wishes as long as you deserve them.

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. A. Johns, W. Roberts, A. Speed, J. M. Sherriff, A. Clinch, B. W. Child, and W. W. Macdonald, Catering Tradesmen, Wycombe, Bucks.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have received the protest, signed by you all, against the fierce competition of the White Hart Street Chapel and the Salvation Army. The revelations are horrid. They stun me, root me to the spot, and make my blood run cold. To think that at the time of a Bank Holiday football match, when you were expecting customers by the hundreds, White Hart Street Chapel and the Salvation Army people should go among the crowd distributing bills inviting them to come and have a ham tea for ninepence—well, gentleman, I think it is scandalous, and, so far as I am concerned, they may consider that I have caught them recumbent. For the future the best advice I can give you is not to let them catch the weasel asleep next time. Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen. Get up with the early worm; in short, go among the crowd and distribute circulars offering them a ham tea for sixpence. Exhort them to come and be filled without a sermon. Appeal to them to step up and try the only genuine. If they do not see the ham they want in the windows, invite them to walk inside and ask for it. If they want the ham boiled, boil it; if they want it fried, fry it; if they want it in pie, pie it. This is the way to keep White Hart Street Chapel and the Salvation Army out of the ninepenny ham-tea trade, believe me, and probably the only way. I shall be with you in the deadly struggle—at any rate in spirit. Cheer up.

JOHN BULL.

To Waldron, Vicar, Bristol.

Note your statement, whoever gives a man alms takes from him Divine gift independence. But what use independence to starving man?

BULL.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 542.*

"AT THEIR DOOR."

"CALLED" TO ACCOUNT.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The deplorable shipwreck of the *Titanic*, followed by the news of the bombardment of the Dardanelles and an insurrection at Fez, were too much for the stock markets, which had, moreover, gone too fast ahead in a good many instances. Hence a shake-out in *Marconis*, in *Home Rails*, *Nigerians*, *Yankees*, *Coppers*, etc., while South African Mines also had a set-back. A new issue of 3½ per Cent. *India stock* kept Consols under. As the Dardanelles incident has not brought any European complications the markets are rallying again, and I anticipate a strong revival in Oil shares and in Coppers. The stocks of the metal continue to dwindle, and in the first fortnight of April the visible supply for Europe has again been reduced, from 50,175 tons to 49,434 tons. *Amalgamated Copper* shares have, however, declined despite Wall Street support. *Whim Well* have come into notice at 1⅝, and the calculations made on the chairman's estimate of over 1,000,000 tons of ore above water level would give on a 5 per cent. average and a profit of £20 per ton on 50,000 tons of copper, a net profit of a million sterling. Last year 11,000 tons of ore were shipped assaying from 11 to 25 per cent. of copper, and 12½ per cent. dividend was paid. Numerous prospectuses of new companies are now being brought forward, and as arrangements are being made to publish John Bull on Wednesday morning instead of Thursday, I shall be able to give my readers timely advice as regards the merits of such issues.

Favourable Position of Oil Shares—Very Little Touched by Foreign Politics—Trinidad, Maikop, and Grosny Supported—Egyptian Fairly Steady.

Foreign incidents, such as that with regard to the Italian attack upon the Dardanelles, and the insurrection in Fez, generally affect the whole of the market, but have perhaps the least effect upon oil shares, for the very good reason that the prospects of oil are most favourable. It is true that the story of the one million contract of the *Shell Transport* with the British Admiralty has been exploded, but that company, with its other great connections, has apparently pulled off some important contracts with private companies. I think, however, that they might have contradicted the one million tons story at an earlier opportunity. As a matter of fact, I consider that their position is quite good enough without such reports. *Egyptian Oil Trusts* are somewhat easier, and a few other shares have reacted, but prices generally have held up remarkably well. The news from the Maikop field is remarkably promising. The *Maikop Victory's* production for last week was 1,045 tons, and the new well has commenced baling at the rate of about 50 tons per day. The *Black Sea Oilfields'* output has also increased to 1,708 tons, notwithstanding the difficulty in repairing the boiler owing to holidays. It is believed in the market that the *Maikop Victory* will shortly declare a dividend of 2s., and a bonus of 1s. per share on the *Maikop Victory Deferred*. The question of a *Black Sea Oilfields'* dividend is also being raised, as the company is known to be doing well. The *Premier Oil and Pipe Line* have announced a quarterly dividend at the handsome rate of 10 per cent. per annum. Owing to the properties taken over from the Triumph Oil and Transport Company only being worked for the benefit of the company until June last year, the financial year will not be closed until June 30th next. The company is at present producing at the rate of 168,000 tons per annum, which will easily permit the continued payment of 10 per cent. dividends. The *Kuban Black Sea Oilfields* report by cable that drilling was commenced on the 26th ultimo in the second well, which has now reached a depth of 259 feet. This well is adjacent to the one in which the fountain was struck at 749 feet. *Trinidad United Oilfields* have been a firm market at 1⅛, and these shares are likely to rise to a much higher level. The *Taranaki (New Zealand) Oil Wells*, Limited, are appealing for subscriptions for their new company, but it remains to be seen what support they will receive here. *Standard Oil of Mexico* shares have experienced a set-back on realisations, but will doubtless go ahead again. There seems to be every prospect of this Mexican company scoring as the Mexican Eagle has done. It is certainly a most gratifying development that new oilfields are being opened up everywhere, and private enterprise is working hard in that direction. In the meantime, everything points to the growing importance of oil as fuel. The sister ship of the *Selandia*, the *Jutlandia*, is now having her trial runs, and will no doubt also maintain the high standard of efficiency of steamers worked by oil. A good deal of attention has been paid to the Mexican Railway directors' report, which showed a saving in working expenses during the past half-year of $237,098, due principally to the use of oil fuel instead of coal. The report remarks that oil fuel is cheaper at first cost, is distributed more cheaply, and is of smaller bulk as compared with coal. There seems to be every prospect that oil as fuel will gradually be introduced on the principal railways, in the shipping world, and in the navy. *Grosny Oilfields* have been in strong request, and have touched 1¼. In another week or two no doubt a gusher will be working there, as is working on the neighbouring properties of the *Spies Petrolcum Company*. Finally, it may be stated that there is great activity in the Scottish mineral oil trade, and that the *Scottish Oil Companies* have advanced their price of naphtha, which was recently fixed at 7½d. per gallon over the season, to 8½d. The fact is that oil is continuing its victorious campaign as against coal in all parts of the world, and there is no doubt about which of the two will be victorious in the end.

The Nigerian Tin Gamble—A Warning to Operators—Look before you Leap.

The position of Tin is undoubtedly satisfactory, and even the most conservative metal brokers have come to the conclusion that, in view of the large consumption in the States, it is not likely that the metal will fall to any extent, while with the re-opening of the tin-plate works in Wales an extra demand will doubtless be created. So far the Nigerian tin promotions have, therefore, a sound basis, but, as I have repeatedly pointed out to my readers, it is imperative to be most careful in the selection of shares to acquire, all the more so as the capitals of many of these companies are quite small, so that it is, therefore, quite easy to move prices up or down to an extent out of all proportion to the actual amount of business, while in cases where the market is very limited it is sometimes impossible to deal in the shares at all. Again, what the market suffers from is the absence of reliable expert reports, or, if they have been made, the objection of the companies to making the same public. There has been a good deal of buying, and hints at the possible restriction of carry-over facilities have acted as a cold douche. Then there is the relapse in *Benues*, which at one time rose to over 6, and are now down at 3½. It appears that the late manager of the mine recently came home by steamer, and had extolled the attractions of the mine to such an extent that, when the ship came in, a number of the passengers rushed off at once to telegraph orders for the purchase of *Benues*. Hence came about the rise from 3½ to 6¼, but so far no official news has been published, the new manager being very guarded in his communications. *Anglo-Continental* have passed through their usual fluctuations, but finally they have relapsed to 2½. That company, however, owns some very large properties, although it will take some time to obtain really reliable reports, and, after all, the value of these mines has yet to be proved. My advice to investors, therefore, is to buy shares about which they can obtain most reliable inside information, or such as still stand at moderate price. I do not think much of *Bisichi* at 1 9-16, after their last directors' report, which shows a profit of only £6,491, which is being carried forward, but such shares as *Berrida*, at ⅛ to 1, *Naraguta Extended* at the same price for £1 shares, appear promising, especially as the *entourage* is respectable. Then there are *Keffi Tins*, at 12s., which have suffered a little, owing to the special settlement being fixed for May 2nd, after which they will doubtless improve again. These, by the way, I recommended myself when they were 7s. 6d., and they have been over 15s., and I am glad to know that a number of readers of John Bull have made large profits in the shares. Another share to which I have drawn attention is *Toro* at 7s. 3d. The engineering staff of this mine is on the way to the property. The shares are cheap enough for their denomination. Then there are *Rukuba* shares at 1½ per £1 share, fully paid, which look promising, and in the following paragraph I furnish particulars of a company interested in Nigerian Tin, the shares in which are very cheap.

Gold Coast Consolidated Lands.

The 5s. fully paid shares of this company, which I mentioned in a postscript last week, are likely to prove a means of large speculation in the Nigerian Tin market, and, from all I hear, should be purchased immediately. The manager

of the company, an expert of great experience, is now in Nigeria with one of the directors, with the avowed intention of being first pioneer in a new rich tin field, a few miles from the Bauchi province, already known to him. His management agreement gives him a personal interest in the company, and his acquisitions may be relied upon to be on bed-rock terms. The great scope for large profits to shareholders in a company getting in first hand is well instanced in the *Anglo-Continental Mines, Ltd.*, whose 10s. shares were quoted at 6s. before the acquisition of its Nigerian tin properties, and have since changed hands at £8. The *Gold Coast Consolidated Lands* is a solid concern already owning extensive properties on the Gold Coast, and I consider a purchase to be one of the safest and most promising speculations in the market. They are at present quoted about 3s. 9d.

Good News from the Diamond Proprietary Mine

Diamond shares have been affected to some extent by foreign politics, but there is one company which has not suffered—the *Diamond Proprietary Mine*, the shares in which are very firm at 4s. 9d. to 5s. 3d. The company's representative at Cape Town reports that the proclamation of their farm, Gong Gong, as a diamond diggings, had already been prepared at the date of their advices, and merely awaited the completion of formalities. In view of the expected rush, local firms are making preparations for the advent of a large population. The company, as freeholders of the farm, would, of course, reap important benefits from the location of a township, and from stand licences generally. Claim licences of 5s. per month per claim, receivable from claim holders are divided equally between the Government and the company, and as the area of the farm is 5,741 acres, the portion which will be available for mining purposes is equal to some 80,000 claims. The small portion already claimed and worked last year by individual diggers produced 2,857¾ carats of diamonds, valued at £18,610, and the new finds of diamonds prove that this is a very rich diamondiferous property. It will be easy enough for my readers to calculate to how much the licences on 80,000 claims work out at the rate of £1 10s. per claim per annum, and as the capital of the company is extremely moderate, this would be a veritable Bonanza for them. The company's representative has been instructed to cable the date upon which the farm is to be thrown open for public digging, and we shall, therefore, soon know.

The Latest Mining Scandal—Bucks Reef.

I am not surprised that the public are leaving mining shares alone, although it is hard that the many should suffer for the sins of the few. Hardly was the South African market got over the *East Rand, Surprise*, and other episodes, when there has come the *Bucks Reef* scandal to stir up the muddy waters again. Within one week—April 12 to April 18—*Bucks Reef* shares were worked up from 7s. to over 26s., but this has been succeeded by a dramatic collapse to about 10s. Some unscrupulous people have evidently made a lot of money over the gamble, and others have lost a lot, while the shareholders themselves have had to stand aside and content themselves with wondering what was up. The buying of the shares is supposed to have come from Rhodesia itself, but this may have been engineered for the purpose of impressing the market. The manager denies that any new development has taken place of the kind indicated by the rumour, but the market clings to the belief that there is no smoke without fire, and asserts that the company possesses *two* properties, and that the manager's statement refers only to *one* of these. What, then, is doing on the other property? The position is very unsatisfactory, and is rendered still more so by the fact that the head office is in South Africa. This is, therefore, another argument in favour of those who contend that, as British investors find the bulk of the money, the head offices of such companies ought to be located in this country, and that the fullest information should be at once communicated to shareholders.

Marconis.

We are asked by a large number of our readers whether we recommend taking a hand in this gamble. Our present advice to those who have shares is to take their profit, and to those who havn't—to wait and see.

Mr. H. Osborne O'Hagan.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. O'Hagan's health is in a very unsatisfactory state. He is at his Riviera residence at Cabbe Roquebrune.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

Mexican Midland Light and Power.—C. H. (London).—I most certainly do not advise these debentures. The security is far too problematical. L. M. (Luton).—See above answer, and cancel your application, if you have sent it in.

J. and J. Yardley and Co.—Dray.—This concern seems to be no longer in existence, and, at any rate, there is no market whatever for the shares.

Taranatic Oil Wells.—L. L. (Bedford).—There is nothing to show that this Company will get the full Government bonus, and in any case there is no evidence to justify the assumption of success. I can express no opinion as to the value of the vendor Company guarantee.

British Deperdussin Aeroplane.—A. C. (London).—This is altogether in the air—leave it alone.

Endorsement of Bill.—H. L. (King's Heath).—You have been very hardly done by, but you ought not to help people of this description. Of course, you are liable for the bill, or, in this case, for the balance not received by the bank.

Channel Coast and Mediterranean Resorts.—C. B. (Wombwell).—You got this Founders' share, of course, as a present. I return you the certificate, which you had better keep. The Company is doing well, and eventually you should be all right, especially if you take some of the Preference shares. Semper (Liverpool).—By all means hold your Founders' shares. There are no dividends on these yet. At present the Preference dividend has been paid.

Calcutta Derby Sweep.—G. A. (Tunbridge Wells).—The Secretary of the Calcutta Club is no longer permitted to sell tickets except to members, so that I am sorry I cannot help you in the matter.

Outside Brokers.—H. B. L.—Thanks for sending the particulars of your dealings with Barclay, Power and Co. You bought 25 shares of Canadian Pacifics on 1 per cent. margin at 249, and fortunately did not pay more than £5. You might have made a big profit, as the price of Canadian Pacifics rose to 261, but you unfortunately dealt with a doubtful outside broker, who has had to levant. In future you should deal only with members of the Stock Exchange, when you will not lose your money.

Hydro-Electric Power and Metallurgical.—I do not advise an application. It is all estimate, and the statement as to probable earnings is preposterous.

P. and O. Second Debentures.—A. B. C.—I see no reason for exchanging out of this stock, which is practically of a gilt-edged character.

Water and Gas Debenture Share Investment Trust Company.—Cestrian.—This Company is no longer in existence, as it went into liquidation some time ago. You must consider this a dead loss.

Bonus Shares.—J. W. B.—You will find there is every prospect of these shares becoming valuable in time.

Rubbers and Oils.—Starter.—Amongst the rubber shares I would select Ciecly (3), Pataling (8), Selangor (9), Straits Bertam (12), Allagar (1), and Chersonesa (3). As regards the oil shares, I would suggest the following list instead of yours:—Maikop Victory, Grozny Oilfields, and Trinidad United. Woking (1) A fair speculation, but, of course, dependent upon the oil market generally maintaining its strength. (2)

INSURANCE REPLIES.

London Mutual Assurance.—C. W. B.—There was nothing to prevent your wife signing the proposal, but you ought to have signed it too, and it is not apparently legal. You had better consult a local solicitor as to obtaining the premiums paid back, but you cannot claim interest too. The policy is returned.

Choice of Office.—G. J. B. (Upper Egypt).—(1) Ocean Accident and Guarantee should suit you. (2) Scottish Widows' Fund. (3) and (4) are the best of the offices named by you, and distinctly preferable to (5) and (6).

Irish Provident Assurance Company.—Rugby (Wigan).—As this Company has been in liquidation over twelve months, it certainly is time that some payment should be made, and I am surprised that the Official Receiver has not replied to you. You must insist upon an answer.

Refuge Assurance, Melbourne and Dunkirk.—The letter from Melbourne did not reach me. I think the policy is illegal, and you should be able to recover, but you had best consult a solicitor before stopping premiums. W. W. (Wimbledon).—Under ordinary circumstances, this policy would be illegal, but much depends upon what representations the agent has made. There is nothing in the questions about the amount insurable. The policy is returned. Hanyap.—If the agent knowingly gave a false address, and your sister did not sign, you can claim the return of the premiums paid, and that you should insist upon.

Prudential Assurance Company.—E. T. (Aberkenfig).—Please get your solicitor to let us know the result of the appeal.—M. H. H. (Ilford).—Our solicitor has been asked to advise you. M. M. (Arundel).—Yours is a typical case of the cruel treatment of the poor by this Company. A. E. S. (Loughborough).—Having regard to the settlement, I do not advise proceedings, although you were badly treated. Anxious (Harrow).—If the agent forged your father's signature, you could recover. F. R. (Banbury).—On proving that the agent forged your parents' signatures, you could recover.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of inquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite matters.

"Can you Hit the 'Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 542.*"

THINGS THAT MATTER.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY—II.

By Norman Tiptaft.

Supposing you abolish all the poverty due to unemployment—not a very difficult matter provided the Government were really alive to its urgency and knew their business—there yet remains the poverty caused by ill-health, insufficient wages, drink and other moral and mental weaknesses.

As to ill-health, our present method of treating it is as follows:—The breadwinner of the family falls ill—he has a wife and children depending on him, his job is only his as long as he can remain steadily at it; for the sake of his family he sticks to it when he ought to be under the doctor. After a time he can go on no longer—he collapses.

Bit by bit the home is broken up and sold. When it has all gone there remains nothing but the workhouse, and to it the family is committed. Once there, they are of course duly separated and the home is in many cases irretrievably broken up. There is at the present time *nothing in English law to prevent that happening*. There is no provision whereby that family may receive poor law relief until it is actually destitute; there is no means of helping it at the most important time *before* it actually reaches destitution; the relief when it does come *comes too late*, and is owing to our absurd workhouse system absurdly expensive. The suggestion is that the Poor Law authorities, or better still the *Local Health authorities*—for it is desirable that these cases be entirely removed from the Poor Law—shall have power to grant *adequate* relief immediately the man needs medical attention and *before the crisis of destitution sets in*. The object is to prevent *destitution happening*, instead of doing as we do now—wait till the man is permanently incapacitated and bankrupt and *then* offer him the help that six months before would probably have given him back his health and kept him his home. The average cost of our "paupers" in the workhouses is about 25s. a week, of which two-thirds goes in maintenance charges. The average family is five. If you commit a family to the workhouse you saddle the ratepayers, therefore, with an expense of £6 5s. a week, and nobody objects. If you advanced the man his wages—say at most 35s. a week, and kept him *out of the workhouse*, it would be a saving to the ratepayers of £4 10s. a week, and the man would retain his home—yet such an amount would be considered a woeful extravagance by any Board of Guardians. It is, in fact, in many Unions the policy to offer such inadequate outdoor relief as to force the poor into the House, the Guardians hoping that their fear of it will keep them from applying for relief altogether.

Minimum Wage for Sweated Industries.

The poverty that arises from an insufficiency of wages can be cured by the substitution of a minimum wage in all sweated industries. That has already been done by the Trades Boards in several trades, although the minimum fixed is still painfully inadequate. In the Black Country chain trade, for example, it was a common thing for women to work a whole week for 6s. 6d. That is now impossible, the wages approximating nearer 10s. or 11s.—still miserably insufficient but yet better than before. The principle needs extension, and in the case of the miners the Government has decided in its favour, although, at the time of writing, declining to fix the exact amount.

The other causes of poverty, drink and other moral and mental weaknesses, remain. Can a man be prevented from getting drunk, so acting as to contract disease, or being dishonest?

Self-Protection.

The answer seems to be supplied by analogy. Can we prevent a man committing murder or burglary? Not altogether, perhaps, but we can and do place him under such conditions as to make a repetition of the offence impossible. If he burgles we lock him up; if he murders we hang him. We justify our action on the grounds of public expediency. To what extent may that principle be applied? Certainly, I hold, to the chronic drunkard, the feeble-minded and those self-diseased—given the Parliament I have previously postulated—*not the present party assembly of male capitalistic sympathisers, but a truly democratic body of expert men and women*. The case of the drunkard might be met by his wages—if in employment—being paid to the local police authority, who should have power to see them expended on the care of his family. I don't suggest that a man may not get drunk and yet be a jolly good fellow—he may, often *is*—but *where his drunkenness inflicts suffering on others and expense to the community, the community is entitled to protect itself.*

The case of the feeble-minded and the self-diseased is different. We have no right to allow the reproduction of the unfit. It is cruel to those whom they reproduce; it is unfair to those who will be called on to maintain them. At present we take no steps to prevent that reproduction, although many of our leading medical men and advanced thinkers have advocated such steps for years. *Without we make it impossible for the unfit to reproduce themselves we shall never solve the poverty problem. If we do not solve that problem we shall most certainly fall before a nation that does. Either by segregation or sterilisation, or both, the unfit must be abolished.*

* * * * * *

There remains that large class of workshys, wastrels and nondescripts, for whom there is no provision in our present society. The prevention of the propagation of the unfit would, inside a generation, considerably reduce their numbers, but many of them are strong and healthy and most obviously *fit*. For their benefit labour colonies are an absolute necessity. There should, however, be two grades: one for the man or woman who is willing, if necessity arise, to work; the other, for the shirker. Facilities should be provided, allowing them to pass by merit from the inferior to the superior grade.

* * * * * *

Various objections will be raised against these propositions—which are mainly those of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, and have been in front of Parliament for some three years, during which time practically nothing has been done. Perhaps *if the man in the street read* Royal Commission reports, things might move faster—but he doesn't.

How the Cost Would be Recouped.

One objection is that all this organisation would create a vast army of state officials and so destroy the independence of the citizen. To that I would reply, the independence of the citizen is far more likely to be destroyed by destitution and disease than by any army of officials we can create, while the argument that we should not organise in times of peace to prevent the dangers and diseases of peace is absurd when we are prepared to spend a hundred millions a year in organising for war.

The main objection is, though—the cost. Won't all this organisation cost a lot of money—and who will pay?

It is true; it will cost a lot of money. *Any new machine costs money*, but when you invest in one you do so on the assumption that *it will pay in the long run*. That is exactly what our attitude should be toward the abolition of poverty. *It will pay in the long run.*

We spend already some twenty millions a year on our Poor Law, and the sum spent in voluntary charity is far in excess of that amount, while Poor Law and voluntary charity are constantly overlapping—the result often being that the deserving poor get nothing, while the undeserving fare luxuriously. The organisation here outlined would save overlapping and provide adequate *relief* for *all* who needed it.

* * * * * *

It is not, in my opinion, the *best* solution of the poverty problem that I have here advocated—although any solution is better than leaving things as they are—but it is the one most likely to commend itself to a conservative people. We do not believe in revolutionary change. We are great on doing things as our fathers and grandfathers did. If the ordinary man can only be got *to believe that poverty can be abolished* it will be a tremendous step forward.

The Terrible Alternative.

If, however, he will not—and when I say the ordinary man, I mean the man of the middle and upper classes who, in the main, conducts the affairs of this country—then *another man will believe it and his methods* will not take the shape of those I have sketched here. The poor are tired of the poverty for which they know there is no need, and *their* remedy will in one form or another be the *remedy of the French Revolution.*

The ordinary man had better wake up—things are getting urgent.

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—*See page 545.*

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

A SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE

IN THE SIZE OF TINS OF THE CELEBRATED

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISHES

BUT NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

The Manufacturers of these popular Boot Polishes have reached their goal

The enormous world wide sales of "NUGGET" enable them to effect large savings in the purchase of raw material etc..... They have decided to give the Public a share of this saving

As they could not improve the QUALITY. they have increased the QUANTITY.

The "NUGGET" Boot Polishes owe their extreme popularity to their yet unequalled and always unfailing Quality. From unpretentious premises in Kennington, London, S.E., the NUGGET Polish Co., Ltd., have now branch Offices, Warehouses and Factories managed by and staffed with trained members from their London Offices and Works in the following Countries:

New Zealand: 7, Marton St., Christchurch. Australia: Williamstown (near Melbourne). South Africa: 105, Castle St. (Box 1682), Cape Town. Germany: 19, Taunusstrasse, Frankfort, o'M. U.S.A.: 209, Broadway and 72, Duane St., New York. Canada: 79, Adelaide St., East, Toronto. Belgium: 131, Rue du Progres, Brussels.

Also Agents in other important parts of the World.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

TRIBUTES FROM VARIOUS CELEBRITIES.

By George S. Astins.

Having been forced to use all the poems on spring submitted to us as fuel during the coal strike, we have, in order to prevent disappointment, asked the following celebrities for their views on the time when Nature tickles the sleeping wonders, and awakens them from slumber.

Lord Roberts:—

"Spring is indeed a glorious time. Everyone is compelled to go through a March, and even the trees begin to shoot."

Sir Joseph Lyons:—

"Yes, the early months of the year provide food for thought—and for the inner man. Let others sing of larks and blooming flowers. I, perforce, must think of spring chickens, spring onions, and swallows. My favourite authors at this period of the year are Lamb, Browning, and Crabbe. Eliza Cook I know by heart."

Mr. Lloyd George:—

"A time undoubtedly of great interest, when the hen-roosts are full, and the blossoming trees promise the rare and refreshing fruit. 'Tis the time when poets are inspired, and my lines asking tax-payers to spring a bit have brought me golden rewards. This is the time of year to raise the wind; and in spite of a rather weak throat, I find drafts just now very acceptable."

Sir Thomas Lipton:—

"Shakespeare prated of spring; but I much prefer Bacon. This is the time when the meadows are aglow with buttercups. What thoughts the very word brings! Valuable thoughts! Butter is a passion with me, even more so than cups, although I endeavour to spread the former and fill the latter—even if I cannot lift the American variety."

Mr. Winston Churchill:—

"A period when fields are decked, when the sky is Navy blue, and when canons are roaring volleys of platitudes. The flowing tide of spring!—when Nature launches better days, and the heart is fired with hopes of victory. Meadows are shot with daisies, and innumerable gardens promise to unfold the glorious flag. I tingle with pride as the Navy Estimates are hatched, and under their golden wings I Dreadnought for ever!"

Mr. Masterman:—

"A very agreeable time, when whitewash covers up so many ugly stains, and when all things are green—Bethnal Green."

Sir J. Crichton Browne:—

"Spring! Spring! The doctor's El Dorado! The breezes bring sneezes and wheezes, and then the 'flu squeezes. You must admit there is both rhyme *and* reason in this opinion."

Sir W. H. Lever:—

"Spring cheers my heart, as it is the time when sunlight is looked for."

Mr. Pelissier:—

"A joyous time, when follies frolic, when winter is potted, and the earth is cracking its sides with laughter. I despise the lazy cuckoo, but I do enjoy a lark."

The Bishop of London:—

"I rejoice to think at this time of the year so many nurseries will be full!"

AN EVERYDAY CREED.

There's nothing so bad that it could not be worse,
  There's little that time may not mend;
And troubles, no matter how thickly they come,
  Most surely will come to an end.

You've stumbled? Well, so have we all in our time;
  Don't dwell overmuch on regret;
For you're sorry—God knows! Well, leave it at that:
  Let past things *be* past—and forget.

Don't despond, don't give in, but just be yourself,
  The self that is highest and best;
Just live every day in a sensible way,
  And then leave to God all the rest.

Grace Hartmans.

OXYGEN AND HEALTH.

A Marvellous New Treatment of Widespread Diseases.

Investigation of the phenomena of Nature have formed, and still form, the life-work of many able and devoted men. Most of these, however, in their thirst for knowledge have sought rather for fresh fields and pastures new, without pausing to explore the nooks and crannies of what has already been found. Faraday accidentally made the startling discovery that certain metals, instead of being drawn across the poles of a magnet, took up a position equatorially between them, clearly indicating to his acute mind that the currents set up by these run in a different direction to those of ordinary metals. He called these peculiar metals "dia-magnetic." His experiments also showed that these dia-magnetics were instantaneously affected by the application of cold and heat, and that their induction qualities imparted the most important property of strengthening the polarity of objects coming within their range of action.

Further experiments proved to him that oxygen has a strong negative magnetism which, of course, causes it to be attracted to any positive body. He also ascertained that blood is dia-magnetic, and therefore concluded that it must be the agent in the body keeping it in a state of positive polarity which causes it to seize upon the oxygen from the air—it, of course, being already proved that oxygen, besides being taken in through the mouth, obtains access to the inner tissues through the pores of the skin. This was obviously a discovery of inestimable value to the medical profession. But the scientist, instead of wielding his newly-forged sword for the cutting of the Gordian knot of disease, laid it down for the more peaceful instruments of the physicist. Where he laid it, it has, practically speaking, rested until very recently, when it was taken up by a medical expert who, after devoting much study to the practical development of these important discoveries, has opened at 61, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W., the Institute of Oxypathy—which, as its name implies, is established for the cure of diseases by the application of oxygen on scientific principles.

The action of oxygen upon the food consumed is, of course, similar to that of flame upon fuel—it burns up the matter and thereby supplies heat and energy. Should Nature's demand for oxygen be neglected, innumerable ills follow. The food material not being properly burned up, there form poisonous matters, which give rise to rheumatism, gout, and all their various complications. Besides these, all states of congestion—such as dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney troubles, neuralgia, and neurasthenia yield to the beneficent effects of oxygenation.

In addition to treatment at the Institute, an exceedingly clever instrument has been devised for use at home. This is called the Oxypathor, a dia-magnetic apparatus which strengthens the polarity of the patient and consequently the attraction of his body for oxygen. Besides this ingenious device, the Institute, which is throughout built so as to give the maximum amount of light and air, possesses a very complete and expensive equipment of all the electrical devices known in the cure of disease—such as an X-Ray room for diagnosis, a High Frequency installation, ozone generators, and a hermetically sealed radio-active oxygen room in which patients receive a refreshing and invigorating bath of the gas, charged with healing radium emanation.

A main feature is manipulative treatment at the hands of skilled masseurs, upon a plan devised by the President, who was for some years connected with the largest school of physical culture in the world. Space prevents us giving a full description of these ingenious appliances, but we may mention the Wallis Precision Treatment—a series of well-thought-out evolutions, by which the action of the brain, the eye, and the body are made to synchronise in a way guaranteed to afford great benefit in chronic cases of such diseases as nervous debility, while persons in good health cannot help being "tuned up" by the clever and elastic evolutions.

The Institute is luxuriously fitted, and we were not surprised to be informed that, although recently founded, its work has already recommended it to a large and ever-increasing circle of sufferers.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament —of me—

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York, citizen of the United States of America.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the first man who is strong enough to wield it, my Big Stick, with which I laid about me with such good purpose during the early days of my presidency of the United States of America.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Washington State Museum my front teeth, the same to be set in pink vulcanite, mounted on plush in a glass case, and labelled "The Roosevelt Grin; or the Teeth that found Nothing too Tough."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto William Howard Taft, of the White House, Washington, sometime make-shift President of the U.S.A., my eyeglasses, accompanied with the pious hope that they will enable him to see things a little more clearly than he has hitherto done.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto my son Kermit all my razors, so that he may never again have any sort of excuse for letting his beard grow, thereby spoiling what little beauty he has inherited from me.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto the Right Reverend Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Anglican Bishop of London, 5,000 dollars, in recognition of his able advocacy of the policy of the Big Family, and on condition that he himself marries within twelve months of my demise and turns his precepts into practice.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto William Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A., 5 dollars to buy a mourning ring, and my advice to give up all ideas of ever being elected President of the U.S.A.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the German Emperor my portrait, requesting that the same shall be hung in a conspicuous place in his study at Potsdam, to remind him of the interview I granted him when I was last in Germany, and the good advice I gave him as to the management of his country.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, of London, Eng., all my guns and shooting machinery whatsoever, and the sum of 10,000 dollars, on condition that he quits fooling around with politics in England, and gets away to the back of Nowhere to shoot big game.

[Here follow private bequests.]

The John Bull League.

BIRMINGHAM.—There are three vacancies on the Executive Committee for the following districts:—Small Heath, Smethwick, and Sparkbrook. Will members of the League willing to be nominated please communicate at once with the Hon. Central Secretary, Mr. Norman Owen, at the Branch Headquarters, Central Restaurant, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

LEEDS.—The inaugural meeting of the Branch Sub-Committee of the West Leeds Division was held on April 15th at the Goodman Arms Hotel, Whitehall Road, Leeds. Mr. Reginald Knight took the chair at 8.30 p.m., and presided over a fair audience. After a few remarks from the chairman, Mr. Hibbert expounded the aims and objects of the League. Mr. Wagstaffe followed, emphasising the unsatisfactory state of the present Party system from a naval point of view. The election of officers and committee then took place, with the following result:—Chairman, Mr. T. Ellwood; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Norton; Committee, Messrs. King, Wilson, Roberts, Clark, W. Gaunt and J. Gaunt.

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

A SMOKING CONCERT

WILL BE HELD IN THE

BON ACCORD HOTEL, MARKET STREET,

FRIDAY, April 26th, at 7.45 p.m.

Tickets, price 6d. (including refreshments) may be obtained from the hon. branch secretary, Mr. A. T. FAIRWEATHER, 58, Elmbank Terrace, Kittybrewster; Mr. JOSEPH ROSS, 69, Albury Road, Aberdeen; and members of the committee.

DOCTORS INTERVIEWED.

WELL-KNOWN PRACTITIONERS ON EVERYDAY ILLNESSES.

"Patients of mine frequently ask me," said a popular physician the other day, "whether or not a 'testimonial by a doctor,' on behalf of some proprietary article, can be accepted as genuine when the doctor's name is not given.

"To such inquiries I can make but one reply:—the custom of the medical profession frowns upon publishing physicians' names in connection with 'testimonials.' If, therefore, a 'doctor's testimonial' appears without his name, it may be just as authentic as if one saw the letter or heard the physician himself speak:—the standing and reliability of the advertiser are the only guides."

In view of the high reputation enjoyed for twenty-five years by the proprietors of a certain standard preparation, it is interesting to read the following statements made by prominent, practising British physicians:—

(As mentioned above, these doctors' names are withheld out of deference to medical etiquette.)

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE AS PROOF.

"The fact that I allow my wife to take a little Hall's Wine occasionally is a sufficient expression of my opinion of it. It is especially valuable in atony, convalescence, and debility Besides being a nutrient wine, it has a decided sustaining property. Also, in addition to its use in sickness, I advise it to my more robust patients whom I see overdoing themselves, or on occasions when they have to make a strenuous effort."

(Interview W. 320—6th July, 1911.)

"NEURASTHENIA."

"I have a neurasthenic case of many years' standing; in fact, it is hopeless. Hall's Wine, taken in doses of two fluid ounces, twice daily, is the only thing which gives the patient any sense of ease and comfort. Besides the immediate restorative action, it has a prolonged sustaining effect, which cannot be obtained by any other means without producing any harmful after-effects."—(Interview W. 298—15th June, 1911.)

"DEBILITY AND CONVALESCENCE."

"Hall's Wine is the only thing of the sort I advise. I get most satisfactory results from it in general cases of debility, also in convalescence—particularly post-influenza cases."

(Interview W. 237—2nd Feb., 1911.)

"MOST SATISFACTORY NEURO-TONIC."

"I have used Hall's Wine for over 20 years and have never been able to trace any ill effects from it. I use it pretty generally for debilitated and neurasthenic conditions. It is the most satisfactory neuro-tonic I know."

(Interview W. 344—21st July, 1911.)

THE DOCTOR'S OWN DAUGHTER.

"My first experience of Hall's Wine was some years back. My daughter was very slow in recuperating after appendicectomy. Lack of animation due to malnutrition was the most troublesome feature of the case. About this time I had a half bottle of Hall's Wine sent me as a sample, and I was so far impressed with the medical reports accompanying it that I decided to give it a trial. I administered a liqueur glass twice daily. She brightened up almost immediately, started taking ordinary food with a relish, and was quickly on her feet again."

(Interview W. 326—14th July, 1911.)

"QUALITY THE FIRST ESSENTIAL."

"I have known Hall's Wine so long and never known it to vary in quality that I seldom trouble to investigate a fresh preparation of this character. I consider that quality is the first essential in any wine used for invalid purposes, and Hall's Wine eminently fulfils this requirement."

(Interview W. 316—4th July, 1911.)

The proprietors of Hall's Wine are well known to the Medical Profession, and we advise intending purchasers to confirm the statements in this advertisement by consulting their own doctors.

Read the doctors' statements in this advertisement. Then prove them; get Hall's Wine from your wine merchant, licensed grocer, or licensed chemist. Large bottle, 3s. 6d. Smaller size, 2s. xii.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

[Being Conversations in a West End Barber's Shop, Overheard by our Reporter.]

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Next gentleman, please . . . Good mornin', sir; shavin'? . . . Yessir. . . . No, sir; I'm not an Irishman, although I 'ave bin told I'm good lookin' enough fer one, 'cep that me top lip ain't long enough. . . . I'm more often mistook fer I-talian, although I wos born in the Noo Cut, and me parents wos 'Oxton people. . . . Speakin' of Ireland, sir, the papers is full of nothink else jest now, ain't they? . . . I don't believe in 'Ome Rule meself. . . . Why? . . . Well, it don't seem right, some'ow. . . . Oh, yes; I've read the derbates in the 'Ouse . . . read 'em every mornin'—both sides. That chap T. P. O'Connor's speech on the first readin' lars week amoosed me. . . . Wot a one-er 'e is! . . . I fancy 'e must carry a bit o' the Blarney Stone about with 'im in 'is weskit pocket an' gives it a kiss now an' then on the sly. 'E *can* tell the tale, an' no errer. . . . Sorry, sir; it's on'y a slight scratch . . . it wos you larfin' caused it, if you'll excuse me. . . . But, speakin' erbout O'Connor—Tay Pay as 'e calls 'isself—although 'e can spin a goodish yarn, both on paper and in the 'Ouse, I 'ave a sorter kinder feelin' 'e aint wocher-ma' call "solid" . . . Steady, sir, if *you* please. . . . If you keep on a-movin' like that, I can't guarantee as I sha'n't cutcher. . . . Yes; as I wos a-sayin', 'e don't strike me as bein' "*solid*" . . . I know wot I'm torkin' about. 'E gits so egcited about nothink wotever... 'E's like a bloomin' kid with a noo puff-puff. . . . 'E gits 'old of some noo book an' tells everyone orl about it, and 'ow it made 'im feel w'en 'e wos a-readin' it; 'ow this passage made 'is flesh creep, and 'ow that passage made 'is stomach ache, soterspeak; and 'ow t'other passage drew tears to 'is eyes or reminded 'im of the time w'en 'e wos a-learnin' short'and. Piffle, I calls it. . . . Beg pardon, sir; that *wos* a little scratch that time. No, it don't bleed much . . . just a touch o' this and it'll be orl right. Yes, it do smart, I know, but it's good stuff. . . . Won't you 'ave this little wisp of gray merstarche orf, sir? It don't improve yore appearance. . . . No? . . . Very good, sir.

"Cold sponge, sir? . . . Yessir."

But wot got my rag out with Tay Pay most 'appened larst week. You know we didn't get much reliable noos of the wreck of the *Titanic* till the Wensdy. Even then nobody knoo for sure 'oo wos saved an' 'oo wosn't. That don't matter to Tay Pay. Wot does 'e do? Wy, 'e writes a long biography about 'is friend W. T. Stead an' 'as it printed in the *Telegraph* before it wos known fer certin as 'e wos dead. Must 'ave 'ad it orl ready in a pigeon 'ole, I should think. Any'ow, it didn't strike me as bein' quite the thing. Too much of a 'urry, to my mind. I knoo Mr. Stead, cut 'is 'air menny a time, and a very nice, open-'anded gent 'e wos, although a bit of a crank.

Cold sponge, sir? . . . Yessir. . . . Would I know Tay Pay if I met 'im? Like a shot, sir. . . . Good day, sir, and thank you.

THE Secretary of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses has called our attention to a paragraph which appeared in the Letter Bag in a recent issue respecting the National Pensions Fund, and desires us to say that this has no reference to the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, which has no direct or indirect connection with the organisation mentioned. We have pleasure in making this statement as we know the R.N.P.F. to be one doing very excellent work amongst nurses.

A Vigorous Elderly Lady

Age Weakness, Sleeplessness, Sciatica—

"It has been *life* to mé for more than ten years," says Miss Mason in acknowledging how completely Phosferine gives her the vigour and strength to overcome the feebleress and infirmities of 70 years of age. Since taking Phosferine, all sleeplessness and sciatica has disappeared, and she undertakes duties which were previously beyond her strength, declaring she feels as energetic and capable, with her faculties as sound and alert as in the prime of life. In firm, clear handwriting, Miss Mason records the restoration of her appetite and the renewal of healthy action in the bodily functions, thus proving how effectively Phosferine reinforced her vitality, and *revived the nervous activities* of the hardening and ageing tissues. Such commanding evidence of the power of Phosferine to arouse and infuse vitality into systems *too old and too weak* to help themselves, is convincing proof that younger people will benefit even more rapidly and extensively from the energising influence of Phosferine.

Most Successfully Overcome

Miss A. L. Mason, Albert Villa, Park Road, Clevedon, writes:—"I am pleased to tell you Phosferine has been a most valuable medicine to me, for more than ten years. I was in a very low condition some time ago, and suffered greatly from insomnia and sciatica; the latter, I am glad to say, is now quite gone, and I sleep fairly well. Phosferine has quite restored my appetite, but I do not expect much greater strength at 70 years of age. I take as much exercise as I can possibly manage, the chief weakness being in my back and legs, but Phosferine always relieves me. Phosferine has been like *life* to me. Use this letter if you like to do so."—December 7th, 1911.

PHOSFERINE

'GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

NEURALGIA	MATERNITY WEAKNESS	HYSTERIA
RHEUMATISM	NERVOUS HEADACHES	SLEEPLESSNESS
BRAIN-FAG	PREMATURE DECAY	EXHAUSTION
LASSITUDE	INFLUENZA	MALARIA
INDIGESTION	ANÆMIA NEURITIS	NERVOUSNESS

And all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Royal Tonic.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands to

The Royal Family
H.I.M. The Empress of Russia
H.I.M. The Dowager Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the King of Spain
The Imperial Family of China

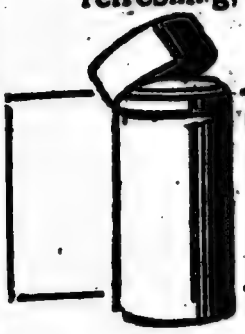
And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

More men adopting WILLIAMS' every day.

They compared it with the shaving soap they used before. They think Williams' is better.

Why? Because a lather so rich and lasting, so delightfully soothing and refreshing, is produced by no other soap.



Williams' Shaving Stick

Note the Nickel-lel Box with convenient Hinged Cover.

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

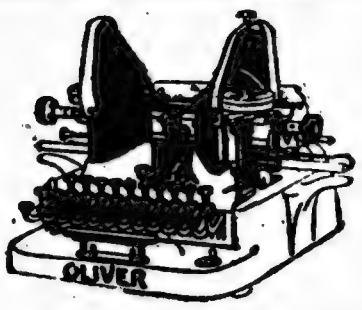
Comparison offer makes it easy to find out for yourself if Williams' is better. Costs nothing if it isn't—2d. if it is better.

OUR OFFER. Send 2d. for the comparison size of Williams' Shaving Stick. If 50 comparison shaves don't convince you of its superiority, we return your 2d. and all the postage you have used in corresponding with us.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

Branches in all parts of the world. Head office and factories: Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

If you prefer Shaving Powder, get Williams' "Quick and Easy" Shaving Powder, in the patented hinged-cover box.



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Best for Carbon Copies and Stencil Writing. Ask for Booklet No. 357.

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GRAVES

THE WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

DUNLOP TYRES, REYNOLDS WELDLESS STEEL, TUBING, PHILLIPS YOKE AND HINGE BRAKES, WILLIAMS CHAIN WHEEL & CRANKS, PERRY'S FREE WHEEL, STURMEY-ARCHER OR B.S.A. THREE-SPEED GEAR, BROOKS B75 BEST SADDLE. Here is our offer to the rider who makes a hobby of his machine, and wants the best than can be built. We Deliver this superb mount exactly to above specification, Carriage Paid to all approved orders for 10/- with order and convenient Monthly Payments if entirely satisfactory after full trial. This is absolutely the world's greatest high-class cycle offer.

Send a Post Card to-day for our New Cycle Catalogue

This interesting and useful book offers an unrivalled choice of Ladies' and Gent's machines with photo illustrations together with a mass of interesting and practical information, and full particulars of our Easy Supply System, the fairest and most equitable Easy Payment Terms ever offered. Every machine direct from the factory on approval and free trial. All money instantly returned without any discussion whatever if not entirely satisfied.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

The following important report has appeared recently in most of the Leading London and Provincial Newspapers.

CHEESE AND CHEESE-MAKING.

An interesting lecture on "Cheese and Cheese-making" was delivered by Mr. A. Brewer, member of the Institute of Hygiene, at the Battersea Polytechnic.

Mr. Brewer described in detail the various processes in the making of cheese, and the methods of testing the condition of the finished product. He enumerated some of the 156 kinds of cheese made in various countries, dividing them into "hard" and "soft." As an example of the former, he took Canadian Cheddar, and of the latter St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. Having referred to Prof. Metchnikoff's researches into the action of the bacillus Bulgaricus, he went on to claim for St. Ivel Cheese great dietetic value on account of its purity and the fact that it contains an abundance of the organic phosphates.

The makers of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese had, he said, achieved a great success, for they had produced a cheese which, owing to the rapid action of the special culture used, converted the curd into a cheese ready for the consumer, and with all the organic phosphates retained.

St. IVEL CHEESE

·LACTIC·

"The Pride of the West Countrie."

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

CAN YOU HIT THE BULL'S EYE?

PRELIMINARY TRIAL.

We have instituted what we believe will be a very popular competition, in which all may join, consisting of

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE,

and we hope as soon as the competition is in working order to be able to award prizes amounting to

£500 PER WEEK,

and later on, as the number of entries increases, to raise the amount to

£1,000 PER WEEK.

In the meantime, we have decided upon an Experimental Co-operative Scheme under which Competitors shall provide a Fund, THE WHOLE OF WHICH—FREE OF ANY DEDUCTION FOR EXPENSES—*will be distributed as follows:—*

1st PRIZE, 25 per cent.;
2nd PRIZE, 15 per cent.;
3rd PRIZE, 10 per cent.;

And Fifty Prizes of 1 per cent. for the best attempts to HIT THE BULL'S EYE.

The competition consists in completing any one of the unfinished Bull's Eyes appearing below. The answers must be crisp and to the point, and the prizes will be awarded to those readers who, in the judgment of the Editor—whose decision is to be absolutely final—hit the Bull's Eye in the clearest and sharpest form. The other Bull's Eyes will guide them as to the style they should adopt, and the finishing of the incomplete ones should afford much amusement and, at the same time, instruction.

All Bull's Eyes must be sent in on the form on this page, and a postal order for 6d. must accompany each coupon. Postal orders must be made payable to JOHN BULL *and crossed "& Co." Competitors sending more than one Coupon may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount to cover the whole of the Coupons, at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon. Write your name and address on the back of the Postal Order, and also put the number of the Postal Order on the Coupon. Coupon will be found on this page. Not more than* TWO *attempts may appear on any* ONE COUPON. *Any Bull's Eye may be varied any number of times.*

The Bull's Eyes selected for the Competition are numbered, and it is not necessary to repeat the printed portion of the lines, as long as the numbers are mentioned on the coupons.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Is the Home Rule Bill a "passable" measure?
Shouldn't "Board of Trade" mean "Business Government"?
Won't a national stamp be something for Irishmen to lick their lips over?
Is the Land Tax proving a "credit" to the country?
Will the Estimates Committee please begin by "saving" time?
Are things quite A1 at Lloyd's just now?
Oughtn't objectors to the Shop Hours Act to be "shut up"?
Were the released suffragettes "sick" of prison life?
Are there many "scenes" in the Kaiser's reported play, "The Family"?
Ought not the "safety of all" to come before the "luxury of a few" on a liner?
Are they calling them "Marconi-crams" now?

1. "All Hail," is the first line in the new Labour daily paper. But suppose it is . . . .

"In America, everything is new," says Upton Sinclair. He flatters himself.

The statement that, under Home Rule, Ireland will have her own postage stamps will, we suppose, create another "bad impression."

2. "Taxi-cab Blown Up," reads a heading. Usually it is . . . .

"Marriage ought not to be a cage," says Mr. Cecil Chapman. In any case, an occasional "flutter" should be permitted.

At Limburg, Germany, children under sixteen are debarred from picture palaces. If that doesn't bring the adults in, what will?

3. "Fortune knocks at the door of everybody," says Sir W. H. Lever. But for the ladies it frequently comes with . . . .

"There are two kinds of men in this world," says Una L. Silberrad. Yes, married, and happy.

The fact that a Baltimore agent has undergone an operation to cure him of chronic drowsiness is making some of our Civil Servants nervous.

4. "There is no credit here," said the Tottenham magistrate to a prisoner. But in some cases . . . .

RESULT OF FIRST COMPETITION.

It has been a close contest between the competitors in this case, but after full consideration we have decided to divide the FIRST and SECOND PRIZES between

MR. ARTHUR M. WOODCOCK,
North Road, Midsomer Norton, Bath.
and
MR. B. M. GREGORY,
Taffswell, Cardiff, South Wales,

in respect of the termination, printed in italics, of the following Bull's Eye:—

"Excavations tend to show that there were Suffragettes in Pompeii. They must have been *brazen images.*"

The THIRD PRIZE has been awarded to:—

MR. CHAS. GEORGE,
217, Fawcett Road, Southgate,

whose solution read:—

"Doesn't the 'Varsity 'bailing out' usually take place *at 'Bow' Street and not at 'Thames'?*"

The total amount received was a little under £50, but we have made the sum up to that figure, and have awarded £10 each to Messrs. Woodcock and Gregory; £5 to Mr George, and 10s. to each of the following:—

J. Penketh, 13, Bell Vue Lawn, Bell Vue Road, Leeds; W. A. W. McBride, 49, Edgbaston Road, Birmingham; E. E. Dyer, 10, Tyrwhitt Road, St John's, S.E.; H. R. Dear, Bank House, Elm Grove, Southsea; E. Shoosmith Ambrimete, Heathfield, Sussex; Miss Helene Easterbrook, 48, Coram Street W.C.; Miss Josie Bailey, Spring Cottage, Ramsdell, Basingstoke; E. H Still, 4, Rathbone Oakley Road, Whetstone, N.; C. Willan, 46, Staunton Street, Deptford, S.E.; F. L. Watson, 2, Bellvue, Queenstown, Co. Cork Ireland; F. M. Gill, 131, Church Street, Lower Edmonton, N.; E. H Belgrove, Grendon Underwood, Aylesbury; B. French, Little Burgh, Burgh Heath, Epsom; T. W. Mason, 12, Hillside Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.; St John Hamund, Scala Theatre, W.; A. G. Howlett, Eastles, 44, Whitrow Road, Weston-super-Mare; J. T. Matton, 5, King Street, Preston, Lancs. M. E. Hill, 69, Vanbrush Park, Blackheath, S.E.; C. D. Campling, W.M Detention Barracks, Gosport, Hants; H. Furlong, 30, Deal Road S.W., H. Burley, Police Station, Loughton, Essex; W. H. Sanders, 56 Lower Moorland Road, Weston-super-Mare; R. M. Rowan, 186, Victoria Road Old Charlton, S.E.; F. A. Maltby, 35, Acland Road, Winton, Bournemouth; W. Hall, 67, Tulsebrook Road, Streatham, S.W.; T. Read, 14, Medway Road Bow, E.; W. Bannerman, 33, Millman Street, Bedford Row, W.C.; C Field send, Herne Road, Oundle, Northampton; B. Wormacott, Longlevens, near Gloucester; Miss H. Gibson, c.o. Young, 18, West Cumberland Street Glasgow; G. C. Allabin, Longfield, Kent; Mrs. R. Mitchelson, 24 Woodhead Street, Dunfermline; G. G. Redfern, The Bank House, Buckland Dover R. L. C. Morrison, 3, Greenhill Avenue, Tenby, S. Wales; L. Ward, 53 Pirkhall Road, Catford, S.E.; W. S. Adams, 48, Wroughton Road, Clapham Common, S.W.; J. Hare, 40, Regent Street, Brighton; A. Steadman, 13 Oval Road, E. Croydon; R. C. Styles, 1a, Kingsfield Road Watford Herts; O. R. John, 36, St. Mary Street, Cardiff; J. R. Fox, 22 Second Avenue Manor Drive, Halifax; H. F. Owen, Bryle House, Bristol Road, Ipswich; E. Lovatt, Southville, Elmsleigh Road, Paignton, near Torquay; W Gresham, 135, Westbourn Avenue, Hull; A. Chevasse, Stanley, Stoke-on-Trent; C. H. Rogers, 381, Harrow Road Paddington; W. S. Arnold, 19 Carter Street, Walworth Road, S.E.; J. Glidewell, The Barnbs, Hereford, Urbridge; W. A. Lockhead, 30, Oakshaw, Paisley; J. D. Murray, 17, Hillside Street Edinburgh; John E. Page, 203, Seymour Street, Euston Square.

BULL'S EYE COUPON.

Postal Order No. JOHN BULL, *April 27, 1912.*

I enter JOHN BULL *Bull's Eye Competition (issue of April 27, 1912) on the terms stated in such issue.*

Name _____

Address _____

_____

I select Bull's Eye No. *and suggest the following finish:—*

Not more than 12 words.

_____

_____

_____

Competitors need not select more than one Bull's Eye, unless they care to do so. Postal Order for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon and crossed "& Co." Coupon must be sent not later than WEDNESDAY NEXT, *May 1st, to Bull's Eye Editor,* JOHN BULL, *93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.*

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 542.*

MIDLAND
FURNISHING · Co · LTD
15 TO 23 · SOUTHAMPTON · ROW · HOLBORN · LONDON · W·C

We are exhibiting at the **IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION** at Olympia from the **12**th to **30**th inst., and we request the pleasure of a visit.

Our **STAND, Number 4,** is acknowledged to be the most artistic in the whole Exhibition.

We are shewing several period rooms and different styles of furniture.

MIDLAND
FURNISHING · Co · LTD
15 TO 23 · SOUTHAMPTON · ROW · HOLBORN · LONDON · W·C

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

"YOUNG NICK" (Southend) AND MANY OTHERS.—Thanks for your congratulations on our action in calling attention eighteen months ago to the deficiency of boats on ocean liners, the inadequacy of the instruction to the crews in their handling, the absurdity of stating that any vessel was unsinkable, the farcical nature of the Board of Trade Regulations, and the probablity of a gigantic disaster. Though, from the many enquiries which have now been made by contemporaries for our back numbers from which to write up articles, it is evident that they all along knew of our revelations, so far as we are aware none of them seconded, at the time when their aid would have been useful, our efforts to get the scandalous state of things altered.

"CICERO" (Finsbury Park).—As you will see from the article in this issue, you were quite accurate in your statement that in these columns "many a pointed reference has been made to the inadequate provision of lifeboats on the great ocean-going liners." If you have won any wager, why not give the money to the fund for the sufferers by the disaster?

"IN MEMORIAM" has sent 2s. for the benefit of the poor signalman referred to in our issue of April 6th, to whom we have had much pleasure in forwarding the amount.

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (Old Windsor) asks us to contradict something that appeared in a contemporary about the King's gardeners, but the subject does not strike us as being of sufficient importance.

S. B. (New Wandsworth).—It was open both to the prosecution and the defence to demand that the poison book of the chemist who supplied the arsenical fly-papers should be produced in court. The fact that neither did so argues that the point was not deemed very important by either.

A. L. (Norwich).—We would not have wasted our energy and a penny stamp in writing a sarcastic letter to the gentleman who expects to get a fully qualified chauffeur for 7s. 6d. a week. We would have let him stew in his own juice, without contributing our sauce to it.

E. C. B. (Newick).—We have repeated, *ad nauseam*, in this column, that under the new rules of the Calcutta Turf Club only members are permitted to participate in their sweepstakes.

"AN ENGLISH READER" asks us what we think of the following advertisement, cut from the *Shipping Gazette and Lloyd's List*:—

> TWO SCOTSMEN, ages 23 and 29, desire to see New York, Buenos Ayres, and 'Frisco before emigrating. WOULD WORK PASSAGE to any port and back for nominal wage. Work must not be too heavy and preferably with Scotsmen.

The first two words may throw some light on the matter.

B. A. R. (Southsea).—If, as you say, grocers can supply a better article and make a larger profit by selling *loose* tea, why do they not themselves warn their customers that the half-pound packets of the well-known brands include the weight of the wrapper?

"A WELL-WISHER" (Oldham) complains that we print too many advertisements. If he will take the trouble to examine any issue, he will find that the advertisements always stand in the same proportion to the letterpress; that is, to every full page of advertisements we add two pages of letterpress. This is more than most journals do, as we have already explained to Mr. Astbury, K.C.

"SEE 'EM" (Luton), after quoting various well known lines from Shakespeare in which our Editor's name is mentioned, asks, "Why is JOHN BULL like a Prudential Insurance Office on fire?" and tells us the answer is "Because the Prudential Directors would like to see it extinguished." But we are never put out!

T. H. C. (Edinburgh).—You had better ask the local Chief Constable about our Bull's Eye Competition. We should think that even in Scotland it will be seen that there is nothing of a gambling nature about it.

J. D. (Cornwall).—Have nothing to do with A. C. Genz and Co.'s Auto Knitter, as, judging from numerous letters we have received, we doubt whether the arrangements they would be willing to make would be profitable to you.

H. C. (Pulborough).—The only advice we can give you is, to make the best of a bad job. As you have not received by this time the money you claim to have won on the Lincolnshire Handicap, depend upon it, you never will. Switzerland may be a fine country for climbing mountains and similar fool's games, but it is full of disappointments for the man who likes to back his fancy.

F. W. G. (London, W.C.).—Read the paragraph again, friend, and then hide your diminished head, for you will see that it is not JOHN BULL, but the secretary of the Richmond Town Cricket Club who deserves a Biscuit; we simply quote his report. Now apologise, like a man.

O. P. A. (Washington, U.S.A.) invites us to become a member of the National Geographic Society of Washington. We respectfully decline. As a citizen of the vastest empire that the world has seen, we fail to see why we should go to the United States for instruction in geography—at three dollars a time.

F. B. (Montreal).—If you read us attentively you would see that we go to press not several weeks, but a few days before date of issue. As a matter of fact we print on Monday.

F. C. (Ipswich) sends us a cutting from the *East Anglian Daily Times* of April 8th, which reads as follows:—

> I, M. B. POWLING, of Hadleigh, Hereby Give Notice, that I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted by my wife, after this date, April 8th, 1921.

Doubtless Mrs. Powling can buy all she wants between now and then. An article on fortune telling by cards appeared in *Mrs. Bull*, December 3rd, 1910.

G. E. T. (York).—We note that in the match between the Tramway Employees and Shop Assistants last Good Friday the kick-off was advertised for 10 p.m. Was the moon at the full?

"THISTLE" (Glasgow).—We have handed your "Open Letter to Mr. Walter Moore" to our contributor. He thanks you for your suggestion that he should read "Barry" before again attempting to address the Scottish people, and notes your assurance that the Scots "are like the Germans," which, he says, he has often suspected. That, no doubt, is why you spell Barrie "Barry."

T. J. K. (Kensington, W.).—We note that a weekly paper recently printed one of our old chestnuts. You have our sympathy. That sort of thing does give one the pip, doesn't it?

J. H. (Drogheda) considers that we deserve a Biscuit for printing the following in our issue of April 13th:—"A few days ago the son of a pit surfaceman, ten years of age, died in his father's house through some pieces of stony coal jumping out of the fire." We have brought our strongest microscope to bear upon the sentence, but we cannot see the shadow of a joke. J. H. had better consult a mental specialist. He is beginning to see things that do not exist.

"DOUBTFUL COMPETITOR" (Derbyshire) asks: "Do you think it possible to *judge* twenty thousand coupons in three days; a feat which is performed by a well-known London paper?" We don't know about the "judging," but we would undertake to detach the 6d. postal orders in that time.

"PEADER" (Enfield), seeing the advertisement of the Competitors' Mutual Society, of 27, Desmond Avenue, Hull, sent a penny stamp for two solutions, as invited. Instead of solutions he received circulars inviting him to send 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. respectively. We think these are the best solutions he could have received. They solve the riddle of the advertisement. It's your money they want.

F. C. D. (Acton).—Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., and judge from the literature they will send you what are your chances "of making a home suitable for a lady to occupy" if you emigrate. We have said "Canadian emigrants, beware!" often enough; but to a Stock Exchange clerk we would re-double our warning.

A. G. S. (London, E.C.) takes up the cudgel on behalf of the Bonus Tea scheme, but although he tells us of a "Little Bethel" in Essex whose harmonium was obtained by its assistance, we remain convinced of "the false economy involved in the Bonus methods of purchasing tea," even when the bonus is paid.

M. P. advises all domestic servants who wish to improve their working conditions and the social status of their class, to join the "Domestic Servants' Union," which is an approved society under the Insurance Act. The secretary is Miss Grace Neal, 213, Belsize Road, Hampstead. We give this information ungrudgingly, although by so doing we shall be hastening the day when our Mary Janes and Eliza Annes will come out on strike for a minimum wage. But, bless their rosy cheeks, they deserve it—some of 'em.

"SUBSCRIBER" (London, S.E.).—We are keeping our eye on the Southwark Borough Council.

"A CATTLEMAN" (Edinburgh).—No one asserts that all the cattle boats are "Floating Hells," but we have just received a further communication, printed on another page, reading which has made us feel positively sick. If we could stop this hideous cruelty by so doing, we would be inclined to give up our rump steak and become a nut eater.

F. B. (Lincoln) sends us the following advertisement from the *Lincolnshire Echo*:—

> LOST, from John Bull, Wednesday night or Thursday morning, EWE and LAMB; reward to finder.—Reply, etc.

You have no idea how we miss our faithful ewe and gamesome lamb. Just as the green peas are coming along, too!

MRS. K. H. (Essex).—By all means continue to send your copies of JOHN BULL and *Mrs. Bull* to the lightship, as the authorities have objected to our paying the money offered for the millionth and half-millionth copies, respectively, on the ground that it is a lottery!!

C. H. (Birmingham).—Sorry you are cross, but you must confess that when we tipped "The Gun" it was a good shot—a regular bull's eye, in fact.

"RURAL" (London, S.) asks "Can a London Cemetery Company refuse an owner access to his own private grave?" Of "corse" not.

J. D. R. (Endsleigh Gardens) says his *health and morals* improve with every copy of JOHN BULL. His morals we can understand. But why his health? Surely laughter conduces to obesity.

W. H. Y. (Dulwich).—It is rather late in the day to discuss the *Jameson Raid*. In any case you need not dilute your ink so that we can scarcely read you. Try to stiffen it with a little treacle next time.

A. G. P. (Southwick) asks whether *freemasons* do not favour each other to the detriment of outsiders? How can *we* tell?

V.C.M. (Edgware Road) says the *post office windows* remain barricaded and unmended since the last suffragette demonstration. Is this cowardice, cussedness or carelessness? Certainly, "post-haste" no longer implies celerity.

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

"Mrs. Bull's" New Feature—Music with every copy.—See page 545.

Brainine Recharges All Impaired Nerves, Imparting New Energy.

Brainine—The Great Tonic for "Nerves."
Brainine—Free from strychnine or any other poisonous drug.
Brainine—Goes straight to the Brain.
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A STRIKING TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., says, "I derived much benefit from BRAININE during my recent illness."

1/1½ *Brainine* 2/9

Is sold in Tubes, at 1/1½ and 2/9, and can be obtained at all Boots "The Cash" Chemists branches, Taylors Drug Stores, etc., or your local chemists can obtain it for you. If, however, you have any difficulty in procuring a supply, fill in this order-form and post direct to us with remittance for 1/1½ or 2/9; the latter contains three times the quantity.

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Please forward me a supply of BRAININE, for which I enclose P.O. for 1/1½ or 2/9.

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First Piece with Issue, on sale Tuesday, April 30, 1d.

THE POPULAR SONG

(WORDS AND MUSIC)

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Written & Composed by
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ORDER TO-DAY **MRS. BULL** *MAY 4. ISSUE*

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS—TUESDAY, APRIL 30. 1d.

DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"At the Barn."

What is she like, this Marie Tempest of ours, whose charm of manner, variety, change, and contrast are the perfection and embodiment of all that is purest, and truest, in the art of comedy? Have you ever seen anyone to compare with her? Have you ever known such mercurial acting and lightning transition in any woman before? A Contradiction? My word, Marie Tempest is indeed everything by turns and nothing long. She touches the very spring of life, and awakens movement in the dullest by her mere expression alone. Her features—devilishly mischievous ones they are, too—talk by themselves, and without uttering a word you can understand their meaning. Her moods are as variable as the sun dancing on a summer sea, one moment dazzlingly bright, the next subdued by a fleeting cloud. With an actress so temperamental, and so electrical, is it surprising that Anthony P. Wharton's daintily fashioned play has flashed into the brilliant success it has done? "But how did you manage to get in here?" ask the three surly male inmates of "The Barn." Miss Tempest, trying to keep a serious face, explains that the car broke down, and while it was being mended, she saw a stile, well, she climbed over that, then she came to a gate on which was written "Private," that settled the whole question, for she opened it, walked in, and there she was. This sums up Mollie Blair's defiant nature to a nicety. Wherever she wills to go, there she gets; whatever she intends to have, she obtains. In an instant then, she casts her eyes about. They settle on the owner of "The Barn." She makes up her mind to win him, and poor Norman Trevor hasn't a ghost of a chance with her. She simply makes pulp of him in her own sweet way, and the other two, Mr. Charles B. France and Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, fall willing victims as well. A severe looking female—the vicar's maiden sister, afflicted with an extraordinary nasal complaint, worse even than that of the memorable "Private Secretary," tries to intervene, but her visit is unavailing. Miss Tempest has planted her pretty little foot down, and she gains her end easily. For the remainder of the cast, Mr. Graham Browne has not a very thankful task to perform as Lord Clonbarry, and Miss Marguerite Leslie and Miss Dorothy Bell faintly interlard the conversation every now and again. "At the Barn" is likely to fill the Prince of Wales Theatre for many a month to come, and on my way home the other evening, my mind full of Marie Tempest, I could not help humming Maurice Farkoa's popular song, "She's simply delightful—like nothing else at all!"

"Peggy."—We regret that in our notice of Mr. Dance's production last week we inadvertently omitted reference to the spirited rendering by Mr. Albert Darnley of the part of Mr. Bendoyle. His dance with "Polly" is one of the chief features of the piece.

We are sorry to hear bad accounts of the health of that once famous and popular little comedian, W. S. Penley, of "Charley's Aunt" fame.

A Home Recipe for Removing Wrinkles

(From *Woman's National Journal.*)

Who will blame the modern woman for trying to look as young and attractive as she reasonably can? Why should she be placed at a disadvantage in numerous ways by having wrinkles, if she can avoid these hateful marks of advancing age?

Few women, however, know what to do to effectually rid themselves of wrinkles or sagginess. None of the advertised preparations are satisfactory, and most of them are very expensive. But a very simple and harmless home remedy, which any woman can use, will work wonders where all the patent preparations fail.

Buy about a shillingsworth of parsidium jelly at any chemist's and apply to the face as you would cold cream. The results are practically instantaneous. Marked improvement is noticed immediately after the very first trial. Wrinkles and sagging are corrected, and the face feels so refreshed and snug-like.

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The Smoke is filtered and purified and the result is: A BETTER ENJOYMENT OF THE TOBACCO. Doctors recommend it.

Anyone can smoke it. Will save you Pounds in Cigars and Cigarettes.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HEALTH YOU WILL SMOKE THE SALUSBURY NOW.

It is the Fashionable Pipe of to-day. The ordinary Pipe is DOOMED

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From WILLIAM OWEN Esq., Man. Director of Wm. Owen, Limited, Westbourne Grove: "I think very highly of your patent pipes." From E. SMITH, Esq., J.P., Ex-Deputy-Chairman L.C.C.: "Your patent pipe is in every way quite successful." From R. B. HUGHES, Esq., J.P.: "I have bought, I suppose, hundreds of pipes in my life, cheap and costly ones, but this one excels them all." From [illegible], Esq.: "I have never spent five and sixpence with greater satisfaction to myself than in the purchase of your pipe." From W. PENDENNIS, Esq., J.P., C.C.: "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the pipe I bought from you is the sweetest and coolest I have ever used."

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and if you are in every respect entirely pleased with the suit when delivered and tried on at home, the balance is payable by six monthly payments of 5/- But if you are in any way disappointed with the work, you are under no obligation whatever to keep the suit, and we will immediately return the whole of the money.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Maggie*" *of* The Globe.]

Prophetic.

Lingfield, granted one of Sandown's usual days, and then Esher to end a big week! This afternoon it is palpable that Mustapha will win the Apprentices Plate if started, and I must go for Buonogiunto as having a big chance in the Victoria Plate, and for The Reed to win the Welter. At Sandown, should he not have competed at Epsom while these notes are in the press, my single choice in th Esher Cup would be

Ormus,

and in his possible absence substitute Monotone and Mr. Pepper.

On Saturday it is jumping, when Batho should add to the Long Set victories with Bendy Tree in the Hurdle Handicap, the danger being Scotney, and with whichever he runs—probably Bouton Rouge *vice* The Gun—in the St James' Handicap in which he has to beat Master Tredennis. Linggi must go close in the Kingston Plate, whatever beats Flaxen will win the Selling Steeplechase, and

Kya Lami

forms quite the best thing of the card, nicely handicapped for the Criterion Steeplechase.

In the Grand International Steeplechase the outsider,

Greek Play,

is bound to run well, but must overcome Ussher's representative, probably Ballyhackle. I would thus early say that whatever beats

Uncle Pat

and I doubt *anything* doing it,—*will win* the Jubilee Stakes, in which Donoghue rides the horse, who will be a much improved animal from what he was at Lincoln, and appreciate the longer course.

OUR £2,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

The Consolation Prize of £25 in our Football Forecast F Competition has been divided between :—

Mr. J. B. Philips, 9, Rigby Street, Colne, Lancs.,
and
Mr. E. Page, 121, Park Buildings, Rotherhithe,

each of whom was successful in predicting 17 winners out of 19 matches played on April 13th.

While the Three Results No. 15 Competition has been awarded to :—

Mr. Harry Handford, 17, Lorrimore Road, Walworth, S.E., who gave all the correct winning teams with the actual scores in three instances.

On April 30th, Mr. Douglas Stuart's business will be transacted at Basle, until the last wager of the last race is duly recorded. Then every document appertaining to the enormous business will be swiftly and methodically gathered together, packed into numbered cases, and, accompanied by the entire staff, will be transferred within a few hours to the new address at Liestal, Switzerland. Mr. Stuart's business is growing with remarkable rapidity, and if liberal terms, reliability, and constant attention to clients' interests count for anything, his success should be greater than ever.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN, TURF ACCOUNTANT, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

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Tickets 1/- Each. Book of Six Tickets for 5/-.

Result of the draw sent to Subscribers before the race is run.

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THE SPORTSMAN, July 14th, 1911, says:—"BERT FRY, one of the best-known of the Flushing Turf Accountants, has removed his offices to Bale, Switzerland."

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Special Half-Time Sheet. £50 Free Prize Weekly. Free Postage.

£1,006 to 5/-

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has paid this sum out over one Lincoln Handicap investment on LONG SET. Mr. E. H. Hann, of 77a, Larden Road, Acton Vale, London, was the lucky winner of this sum.

£10,000 to 5/- over the winner of the Derby.

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It explains everything fully. It shows you how YOU can start at once to BUILD YOURSELF A SURE FORTUNE from very small beginnings. Don't delay to read this instructive work. It contains scores of proofs, testimonials, press recommendations, etc., etc., etc., also my SELECTIONS FOR 1909, 1910, 1911. Write your name and address and words "John Bull" on a Postcard, and by return of post you will receive my FREE book in a PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE.
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Maud Street, Rhyl.
and Elsewhere.

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comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.; Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxydised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achumann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Bluthner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

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Amongst numerous other articles are the following: All Brass square tube Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, £3 15s.; 10 Black and Brass Bedsteads, 12s. 6d. each; 12 White and Brass Bedsteads, 17s. 6d. each; 21 Oak Combination Bedsteads, 15s. 3d. each; pair Twin Brass Bedsteads, £5 10s.; full size Black and Brass Bedstead, with wire spring, overlay bolster, and 2 pillows, 45s.; massive 2 ft. pillar bedstead, with sanitary woven wire spring, 26s. 6d.; all brass bedstead, heavy pillars, almost new, £2 10s.; 6 Solid Oak Bedroom suites, complete, £4 10s. each; 6 White enamelled Bedroom Suites, Louis XV. period, £7 10s. each; 4 large solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, £9 10s. each; 6 Sheraton design Bedroom suites, £7 10s. each; very fine Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 12 guineas; 3 Gents' Wardrobes, fitted with trays and drawers, £7 10s. each; a Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £28; very fine Italian Brass Bedstead, 13 guineas; Sheraton design bedstead, complete with bedding, £4 5s.; Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £35; 7 ft. Satinwood Bedroom Suite, fully inlaid, £100; pair of Bedsteads to match, £20; 6 ft. 6 in. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, £60; 7 ft. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 70 guineas; Sheraton design Bedstead to match, £9 10s.; 6 ft. Satinwood Bedroom suite, fully inlaid, £50; 6 ft. Olive wood Bedroom suite, almost new, 40 guineas; 12 Chests of Drawers, £2 10s. each; 2 Inlaid Sheraton design Cheval Glasses, £4 10s. each; and several other Bedroom Suites and Bedsteads, all to be sold without any reserve.

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include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate, £25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends, covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Occasional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood decorated centre table, £2 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13 guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s. each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft. by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets; large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen, draperies, etc., etc.

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The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 30th :—

29744	188464	388570	579498	710618
40439	196197	438655	590811	722001
58444	210198	446132	605866	729813
85586	221505	469663	621907	740745
82817	228907	478807	661302	756155
97095	247614	488734	669726	771626
120080	271626	503172	682150	777392
129596	337455	521483	691423	781409
163686	345357	541749	697043	792306
178023	376803	565425	701423	796540

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MAY 25TH (PUBLISHED MAY 23RD, 1912).

The John Bull League.

OBJECTS: To Stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to Create a Robust and Self-reliant Public Opinion; and to Promote a Common Sense Business Government for a Common Sense Business People.

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On WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 1st, the DEPOSIT BUSINESS will REMOVE from BASLE to

LIESTAL, SWITZERLAND.

UP TO APRIL 30th PLEASE ADDRESS TO BASLE, AS USUAL.

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DOUGLAS STUART

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Is evidenced by the enormous amount of "Double Event" business entrusted to him, which resulted in the above huge sum being won by his clients.

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Unquestionable Reliability Whatever the Amount,

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BASLE, SWITZERLAND, TILL APRIL 30th.
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